★ July 27, 1946

THE NEW YORKER

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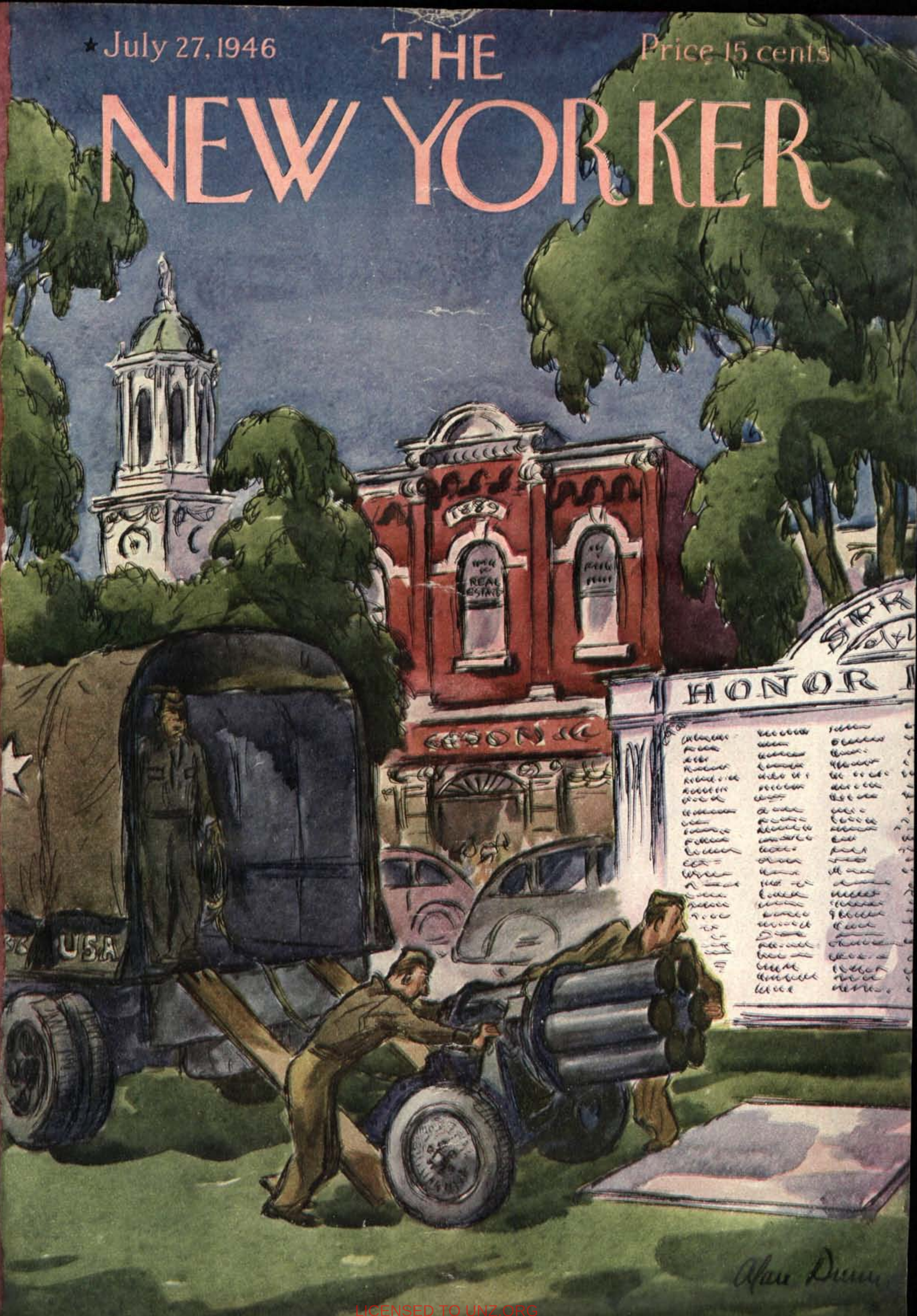
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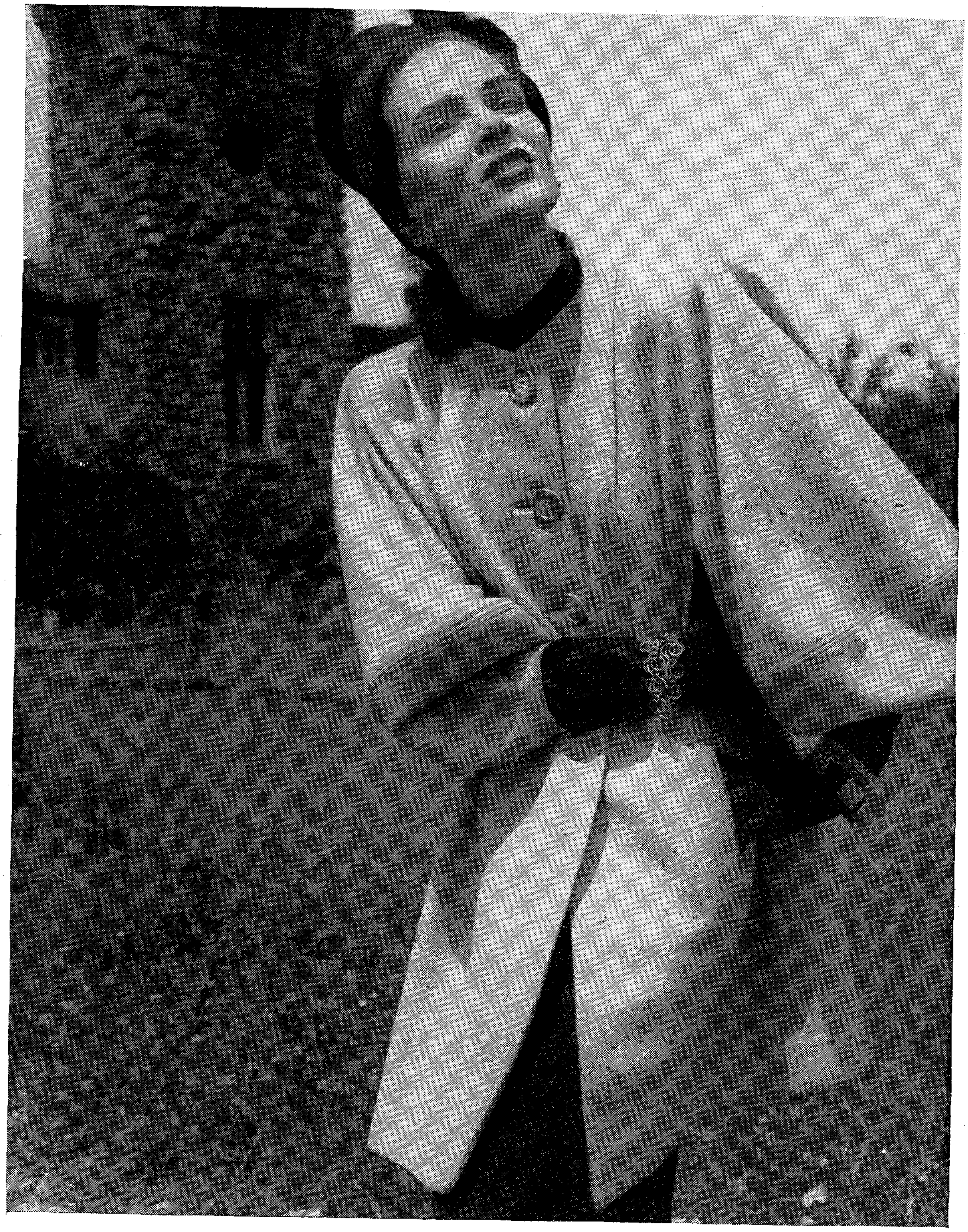

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THEATER
SUSAN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 3.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—This all-Negro play is in its second year and certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Born Yesterday—Garson Kanin's fascinating study of a lady tramp who gets religion and turns on her racketeer boy friend. Judy Holliday is superb as the little girl who has to learn all those big words, and Paul Douglas makes a fine heel. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering adolescents writes letters to a soldier and gets her older sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., July 27.)

Deep Are the Roots—Arnaud d'Usseau's and James Gow's play about the Negro problem, with emphasis on miscegenation, is more successful as melodrama than as social discussion, but it is worth seeing in any case. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally effective play. Winner of the 1945 Drama Critics' Award. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it indubitably sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading role is a masterpiece of restrained humor, and Josephine Hull is in it, too. Winner of the 1945 Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street Theatre, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This lively comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its seventh year. Donald Randolph and Mary Loane play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

On Whitman Avenue—A play about the Negro housing problem that, in spite of trying hard, is not quite eloquent or dramatic enough to be altogether satisfactory. Canada Lee heads the cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

State of the Union—Ralph Bellamy is torn between two ladies representing his social conscience and his chance to be President in this superior comedy by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay. With Ruth Hussey, Myron McCormick, and Margalo Gillmore. Winner of the 1946 Pulitzer Prize. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Swan Song—A twelve-year-old piano prodigy called Jacqueline Horner is about all that is likely to divert you in this faint psychological melodrama, by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, which has to do with murder among musicians. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, now in its third year. The cast consists of Vicki Cummings, Beatrice Pearson, and Alan Baxter. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman, singing Irving Berlin's songs in her wonderful, brassy way, is the high spot of this comedy about the celebrated Miss Oakley, but the whole thing is very attractive. Herbert and Dorothy Fields wrote the book, and Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver are among those who assist the star. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Around the World—Orson Welles has added a wild combination of silent movies, burlesque melodrama, and assorted vaudeville numbers to Jules Verne's simple little novel, and the result is very funny indeed. Arthur Margetson and Mr. Welles head the enormous cast, and Cole Porter wrote the music. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Fri., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Call Me Mister—Practically everything is fine about this revue, written, acted, and produced almost entirely by veterans. Harold Rome attended to the songs, and Arnold Auerbach is responsible for the sketches. With Betty Garrett and Jules Munshin. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Carousel—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with most agreeable results. The dances were arranged by Agnes de Mille, the sets were designed by Jo Mielziner, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. Second year. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," also by Mr. R. and Mr. H. In its fourth year, it's still probably as pleasant entertainment as there is in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Red Mill—Eddie Foy, Jr., is extremely comic in the part once played by Fred Stone, and the old songs are as delightful as ever, but on the whole the piece shows its thirty-nine years. With Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtil. (46th Street Theatre, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Show Boat—A splendid revival of the classic by Edna Ferber, the late Jerome Kern, and Oscar Hammerstein II. Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer, Charles Fredericks, Ralph Dumke, and Buddy Ebsen all rival their famous predecessors. (Ziegfeld, Ave. of Americas at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been adapted with skill. The book is sometimes fairly painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. The cast includes Lawrence Brooks and Robert Shafer. Second year. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Three to Make Ready—Ray Bolger's great gifts are not quite enough to save this third and by far the least satisfactory of a series of revues. With Brenda Forbes, Jane Deering, and Rose Inghram. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Ave. of Americas at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, Tues. through Sat., at 8:40; Sun. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40, and Sun. at 3.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules, in some instances, are subject to last-minute changes.)

Abingdon—"My Sister Eileen," Thurs. and Sat., July 25 and 27, and Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 1-2. "Blithe Spirit," Fri., July 26. "State of the Union," Tues. and Wed., July 30-31. "Arms and the Man," Sat., Aug. 3. (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Beverly—Jane Cowl in "Candida," through Sat., July 27. Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (North Shore Players, High School Auditorium, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Thurs., Aug. 1, and Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Boothbay—"Penny Wise," through Sat., July 27. "The Importance of Being Earnest," Wed. through Sat., July 31-Aug. 3. (Boothbay Playhouse, Boothbay, Me. Nightly, except Sun., Mon., and Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30.)

Boston—"Goodbye Again," through Sat., July 27. Bert Lahr in "Burlesque," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Boston Summer Theatre, New England Mutual Hall, Boston, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Branford—"Autumn Crocus," through Sun., July 28. "Figaro," starting Tues., July 30. (Montowese Playhouse, Branford, Conn. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Bridgehampton—"The Perfect Alibi," through Sat., July 27. "Death Takes a Holiday," Tues. through Sat., July 30-Aug. 3. (Hampton Playhouse, Bridgehampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40.)

Bridgton—"The Philadelphia Story," through Sun., July 28. "Angel Street," starting Tues., July 30. (Riverside Theatre, Bridgton, Me. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. at 2:45.)

Cambridge—Bert Lahr in "Burlesque," through Sat., July 27. "Goodbye Again," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40.)

Cape May—Ruth Chatterton in "Caprice," through Sat., July 27. Dame May Whitty in "Night Must Fall," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Sat. at 3.)

Chautauqua—"Wings Over Europe," Thurs. and Sat., July 25 and 27. "Kiss and Tell," Thurs. and Sat., Aug. 1 and 3. (Chautauqua Repertory Theatre Company, Chautauqua, N.Y. Eves. at 8:30.)

Clinton—Francis Lederer and Bramwell Fletcher in "Angel Street," through Sun., July 28. Jane Cowl in "Candida," starting Tues., July 30. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Clinton Hollow—"Personal Appearance" (tentative), through Sun., July 28. "Night Must Fall," starting Thurs., Aug. 1. (Reginald Goode Theatre, Clinton Hollow, N.Y. Nightly, except Mon., Tues., and Wed., at 8:45.)

Cohasset—John Dall in "The Hasty Heart," through Sat., July 27. "Kiss and Tell," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. at 2:30.)

Cragsmoor—"Guest in the House," through Sun., July 28. "When Ladies Meet," starting Mon., July 29. (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly at 8:45.)

Dennis—Gladys Cooper and Taylor Holmes in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," through Sat., July 27. Mady Christians in "The Constant Wife," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Fri. at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Dennis King in "Blithe Spirit," through Sat., July 27. Helen Hayes in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45.)

Gloucester—"One Sunday Afternoon," through Sat., July 27. "Time of Your Life," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. at 2:45.)

Greenwich—Mady Christians in "The Constant Wife," through Sat., July 27. Francis Lederer and Bramwell Fletcher in "Angel Street," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Greenwich Playhouse, Greenwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Fri. at 2:40.)

Guilford—Sidney Blackmer in "Chicken Every Sun-

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXII, No. 24, July 27, 1946. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1946, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $9.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JULY 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 3.

day," through Sat., July 27. Michael Whalen in "This Thing Called Love," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40.)

HARRISON—"Streets of New York," through Sat., July 27. The theatre will be closed Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Deertrees Theatre, Harrison, Me. Nightly at 8:30.)

HEMPSTEAD—"Murder Without Crime," through Sun., July 28. "Blithe Spirit," starting Tues., July 30. (Art Theatre, Hempstead, L.I. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:30.)

IVORYTON—Jean Pierre Aumont in "Design for Living," through Sat., July 27. Grant Mitchell in "The Late George Apley," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Fri. at 2:30.)

KEENE—"Over 21," through Sun., July 28. "Arsenic and Old Lace," starting Tues., July 30. (Keene Summer Theatre, Keene, N.H. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. at 2:30.)

KENNEBUNKPORT—"Tovarich," through Sat., July 27. "The Late Christopher Bean," Tues. through Sat., July 30-Aug. 3. (Kennebunkport Playhouse, Kennebunkport, Me. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. at 2:15.)

LITCHFIELD—"Separate Rooms," through Sat., July 27. "Rope," Tues. through Sat., July 30-Aug. 3. (Litchfield Summer Theatre, Litchfield, Conn. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:45.)

LONG BEACH—John Carradine in "The Royal Family," through Sun., July 28. Gloria Swanson in "A Goose for the Gander," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Crest Theatre, Long Beach, L.I. Nightly at 9. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., except Aug. 3, at 2:40.)

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—McKay Morris in "Beloved," through Sat., July 27. "Charley's Aunt," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Martha's Vineyard Theatre, Oak Bluffs. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30.)

MATUNUCK—"Soldier's Wife," through Sun., July 28. "Blithe Spirit," starting Tues., July 30. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:50. Mats. Thurs. at 3.)

MILLBURN—"The New Moon." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MT. KISCO—The theatre will be closed through Sun., July 28. Haila Stoddard in "A Doll's House," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Westchester Playhouse, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45.)

MOYLAN—"Androcles and the Lion," Thurs., July 25, and Wed., July 31. "The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas," Fri., July 26. "The Devil's Disciple," Sat., July 27. "The Emperor Jones." Thurs., Aug. 1. "Martine," Fri., Aug. 2. "The Sea Gull," Sat., Aug. 3. (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Nightly, except Sun., Mon., and Tues., at 8:30.)

NEW HOPE—Kitty Carlisle in "Tonight or Never," through Sat., July 27. Diana Barrymore in "Rebecca," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

NEW MILFORD—"Goodbye Again," through Sun., July 28. "Love from a Stranger," starting Wed., July 31. (Theatre-in-the-Dale, New Milford, Conn. Nightly, except Mon. and Tues., at 8:45.)

NEWPORT—"Goodbye Again," through Sat., July 27. "The Hasty Heart," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. at 2:30.)

OGUNQUIT—Leo G. Carroll in "Angel Street," through Sat., July 27. "The Hasty Heart," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Fri. at 2:30.)

PAWLING—June Havoc in "They Knew What They Wanted," through Sun., July 28. "Kiss and Tell," starting Tues., July 30. (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. at 2:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—"Angel Street," through Sat., Aug. 3. (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly, except Sun., Mon., and Tues., at 8:40.)

PROVINCETOWN—Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry," through Sat., July 27. "Angel Street," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Town Hall, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sun. and Thurs., July 25, at 8:45. Mats. Sat. at 2:30.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Elissa Landi in "Blithe Spirit," through Sun., July 28. "Lady Precious Stream," starting Tues., July 30. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. Thurs. and Sun. at 2:45.)

SAYVILLE—"The Vinegar Tree," through Sun., July 28. "The Little Foxes," starting Tues., July 30. (Sayville Playhouse, Sayville, L.I. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45.)

SKOWHEGAN—J. C. Nugent and Frank McHugh in "George Washington Slept Here," through Sat., July 27, and in "Charley's Aunt," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Me. Nightly, except Sun., at 8. Mats. Sat. at 2:30.)

SMITHTOWN—"The Milky Way," through Sun., July 28. "Ten Little Indians," starting Tues., July 30. (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown, L.I. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30.)

STAMFORD—"Arsenic and Old Lace," through Sat., July 27. "Wallflower," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Guild Playhouse, 45 Prospect St., Stamford, Conn. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Katharine Alexander in "Kiss and Tell," through Sat., July 27. "Elizabeth the Queen," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

SUFFERN—Helen Hayes in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," through Sun., July 28. "Personal Appearance," starting Tues., July 30. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mat. Sat., July 27, at 2:40.)

WESTPORT—Dame May Whitty in "Night Must Fall," through Sat., July 27. Carol Stone in "Devil Take a Whittler," Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Fri. at 2:40.)

WHITE PLAINS—"Personal Appearance," through Sat., July 27. "The Male Animal," Tues. through Sat., July 30-Aug. 3. (Playhouse, White Plains, N.Y. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:30.)

WHITEFIELD—"Village Green," through Sat., July 27. "Kiss and Tell," Tues. through Sat., July 30-Aug. 3. (Chase Barn Playhouse, Whitefield, N.H. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30.)

WOODSTOCK—"Double Door," through Sun., July 28. "Biography," starting Tues., July 30. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment, some of which is apt to be summertime. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A nice, deep, leafy catacomb, with music by Jules Lande's gentlemanly orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—At the supper hour, way upstairs in the handsome Cascades, you'll find Dunninger, the mental something-or-other, and his entertaining black magic. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Ralph Font's rumba band do a fine job at both dinner and supper.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Humor of a reasonable quality by Bernie West and Patricia Bright. Edmond Hall's band for dancing.

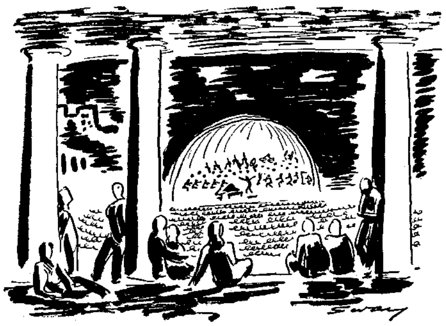
LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A fairly close approach to upper-bracket grandeur, greatly enhanced by the chipper music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and rather beautiful, but with kind of a benzedrine atmosphere. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A splendid old goldfish bowl, full of some very ornate specimens. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the talented mind reader (stay home these nights if you have a Secret), is in the baroque Cotillion Room, along with Stanley Melba's bouncy dance band and a dance team. . . . In the Café Pierre, a Melba trio plays for tea dancing, and during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Rosario and Antonio and their highly decorative dancing, in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Joan Roberts, that prim little child from musical comedy, takes over on Wed., July 31. In the background, the orchestras of Pancho and Mark Monte provide their satisfactory dance music.



ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—One of our nicest estival resorts, with Paul Sparr's and Theodora Brooks' casual orchestras for dancing.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the worldly Café Lounge, the sweet music of Barry Winton's orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every afternoon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Custom cannot stale the infinite sameness of this ancient hideaway. Lester Lanin's orchestra and a rumba band play the appropriate music.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Carl Ravazza, one of the most recent covey of meadow larks, in a lilting mood. Joel Herron's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band provide heartier music.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof (stars by Consolidated Edison) has Guy Lombardo's orchestra at both dinner and supper, with Mischa Borr's band helping out at the after-theatre hour. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Not too lively right now, but there's accomplished piano playing by Cliff Jackson and Pete Johnson, and dance music by J. C. Heard's orchestra. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a bustling establishment with music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian song-and-dance acts, done with a pomp and circumstance that make them forgivable; dance music, ancient and modern. . . . **DRAKE**, 71 E. 56 (WI 2-0600): in the Drake Room, subdued and elegant, there's stylish nourishment to the accompaniment of piano music by Cy Walter at cocktails and supper and by Paul Berlin in between; no dancing. . . . **MADISON**, Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): lackadaisical atmosphere, and Irving Roberts' orchestra for dancing up to nine. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Richard Dyer-Bennet and his own eminent variety of lute songs, as well as Don Frye (hot piano) and Hank Duncan's trio (also hot, with Freddie Moore at the drums). Dancing. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin atmosphere and Latin music. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, 5 Ave. at 8 (SP 7-7000): the songs of Hope Emerson, who takes a poor (and leather-lunged) view of life.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, 8 Ave. at 51 (CI 6-4122): Milton Berle, or What Is Humor Coming To?, plus an upsadaisy trapeze act by Elly Ardelty. There's lots of less interesting stuff as well, including dancing by the customers. . . . **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): about what you'd expect of B'way at 49, but helped somewhat by Pearl Bailey, Claude Hopkins' band, and Cab Calloway's orchestra. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): another one of those all too familiar Copacabana shows, this time headed by the comedian named Peter Lind Hayes. Music by Ernie Holst's orchestra and Desi Arnaz's rumba band. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): Ted Lewis's orchestra in as Broadway a setting as you could (or could not) want.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing.)

SPIVY'S ROOF, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy's musings on the problems of fashionable life about town, and flamboyant (and comic) music by the Three Flames. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): this old reliable has just reopened with Ruby Hill, who was one of the pleasanter things about "St. Louis Woman," at the head of a useful collection of entertainers, including the Cedric Wallace Trio.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3 (GR 3-8736): hot music in its finest flower, offering Dave Tough, Bobby Hackett, Joe Dixon, Max Kaminsky, and others of the same cut. In between, the patter of James P. Johnson's mighty fingers on the local Steinway. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, Pee Wee Russell, and their compatriots whipping up a brisk blaze. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): rough-and-ready music by Georg Brunis, Tony Parenti, and other conscientious workers in this great American art form. . . . **KEYBOARD**, 54 W. 52 (PL 9-6043): the newest of the leatherette lounges, manned by Wild Bill Davison, one of the most inventive trumpets of our time, and a band that includes the perennial Danny Alvin. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's quartet rightfully entrancing its admirers in this not very prepossessing store front, together with another quartet, mostly Sid Catlett and Don Byas. . . . **SPOTLITE**, 56 W. 52 (EL 5-8148): another faintly weary hole in the wall, with Coleman Hawkins' orchestra.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Tucker's orchestra at work on this huge, crowded, but generally merry rooftop. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Hal Saunders' orchestra. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Elliot Lawrence orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Joe Reichman's orchestra.

SUMMER SPOTS

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67 (RH 4-4700): a replica of God's half acre, full of fresh air, greenery, and easygoing dance music. . . . **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): nice for end-of-the-evening dancing out of doors. . . . **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): Brooklyn in its party clothes, dancing on this provincial but pleasant open-air rooftop.

ART

All-Summer Shows—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57: Abram Tromka, Gregorio Prestopino, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.) . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: Thomas Hart Benton, Joe Jones, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.) . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: gallery members, along with such earlier artists as Ryder and Homer. (Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.) . . . **CLAY CLUB**, 4 W. 8: William Zorach, Alexander Calder, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51: Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Charles Sheeler, and others; also, some American folk art. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.) . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57: Werner Drewes, John von Wicht, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.) . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: Pissarro, Derain, Renoir, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: Henry Billings, Julien Binford, Doris Rosenthal, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.) . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Stephen Etnier, Hobson Pittman, and other Americans. (Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.) . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: Luis Martinez-Pedro, Nahum Tchacbasov, Mario Carreño, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.) . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: Milton Avery, Max Weber, Abraham Rattner, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

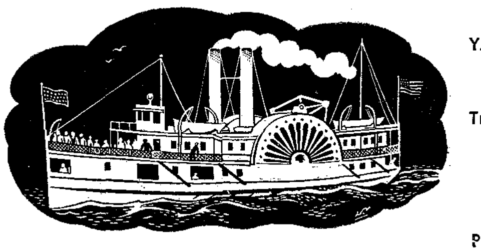
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by Raoul Dufy; through Aug. 18. . . . A small show of paintings and prints by Mary Cassatt; through Oct. 27. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.)

Groups—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: a show by the gallery's regulars, including Lawrence Lebduska, Philip Pieck, and Harold Baumbach. (Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 26.) . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison, at 57: paintings by Vlaminck, Soutine, and other Frenchmen, as well as by artists of the gallery's group. (Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 26.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57: small paintings by Louis Bouché, John Sloan, and other members, both past and present, of the gallery. (Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 2.) . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: a painting apiece by Derain, Utrillo, Chirico, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 2 P.M.; through Wed., July 31.) . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: work in various media by John W. Taylor, James Lechay, Joseph de Martini, and others. (Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 26.) . . . **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57: oils by Max Beckmann, Lee Gatch, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Wed., July 31.) . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: paintings by B. J. O. Nordfeldt, Buffie Johnson, and others. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., July 31.) . . . **REHN**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: a big exhibition by artists who customarily show at this gallery, among them Reginald Marsh, Edward Hopper, and Charles Burchfield. (Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Wed., July 31.) . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: oils by young Americans. (Daily 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 26.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A comprehensive show of oils, drawings, and water colors by Georgia O'Keeffe; through Aug. 25. . . . Fifty-nine paintings, mostly modern French, from seven New York collections; through Sept. 22. (Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M., and Thurs. Eves. until 10; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A large loan show, including several works by Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy and Harry Bertoia. (Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.)

Max Spivak—Semi-abstract mosaic panels. (Levitt, 16 W. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 26.)



Out of Town—North Shore Arts Association, Gloucester, Mass. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.) . . . Mystic Art Association, Mystic, Conn. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 5:30 P.M.) . . . Lyme Art Association, Old Lyme, Conn. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.) . . . Rockport Art Association, Rockport, Mass. (Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 7 P.M.) . . . Silvermine Guild of Artists, Inc., Silvermine, Conn. (Daily, except Mon., 1 to 6 P.M.) . . . Woodstock Artists Association, Woodstock, N.Y. (Daily, except Mon., 2 to 6 P.M.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony concerts are held at Lewisohn Stadium on most clear evenings at 8:30. The schedule for this week and next follows: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Lily Pons, soprano, Thurs., July 25. . . . Alexander Smallens conducting, Sat., July 27. . . . Franz Allers conducting, with Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, and other ballet dancers, Mon. and Tues., July 29-30. . . . Alexander Smallens conducting, with Gerald Warburg, cello, Wed., July 31. . . . Efrem Kurtz conducting, with Jascha Heifetz, violin, Thurs., Aug. 1. . . . Robert Stolz conducting, with Margit Bokor, soprano, and Emanuel List, bass, Sat., Aug. 3. (Tickets at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138, AU 3-3400; and at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57, CI 7-5534. In case of rain, revised plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

Out of Town—Berkshire Festival: Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. (Theatre-Concert Hall, Tanglewood, near Lenox, Mass. Thurs. and Sat., July 25 and 27, at 8:15 P.M.; Sun., July 28, at 3:30 P.M.; and Thurs. and Sat., Aug. 1 and 3, at 8:15 P.M.) . . . The Gordon String Quartet. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sun., July 28, at 4 P.M., and Wed., July 31, at 3:30 P.M.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band. (Fri., Sun., and Mon. Eves. at 8:30.) . . . Richard Bales conducting the Naumburg Memorial Concert Orchestra. (Wed., July 31, at 8:15 P.M.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. St. Louis (Thurs., July 25, at 2:30 P.M.); Giants vs. Cincinnati (Fri., July 26, at 2:30 P.M., Sat., July 27, doubleheader, at 1:30 P.M., and Sun., July 28, doubleheader, at 2 P.M.); Giants vs. Chicago (Mon., July 29, at 8:45 P.M., Tues., July 30, at 2:30 P.M., and Wed., July 31, at 8:45 P.M.); Giants vs. Pittsburgh (Fri., Aug. 2, doubleheader, at 1:30 P.M., and Sat., Aug. 3, at 8:45 P.M.). . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Chicago (Thurs., July 25, at 2:30 P.M.); Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh (Fri., July 26, at 8:30 P.M., Sat., July 27, doubleheader, at 1:30 P.M., and Sun., July 28, at 2:30 P.M.); Dodgers vs. St. Louis (Tues., July 30, at 8:30 P.M., and Wed. and Thurs., July 31-Aug. 1, at 2:30 P.M.); Dodgers vs. Cincinnati (Fri., Aug. 2, at 8:30 P.M., and Sat., Aug. 3, at 2:30 P.M.).

Boxing—Tony Zale vs. Rocky Graziano, 15 rounds for the middleweight title. (Yankee Stadium. Thurs., July 25. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

Dog Show—Lackawanna Kennel Club. (Mt. Pocono, Pa. Sat., Aug. 3; judging starts at 10 A.M.)

Golf—Beers Memorial Tournament. (Garden City Country Club, Garden City, L.I. Fri., July 26.) . . . John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck, N.Y.; starting Thurs., Aug. 1.)

Polo—At the **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Westbury, L.I., Sats. at 3:30 P.M. . . . **BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury, L.I., Suns. at 3:30 P.M.

Racing—At Saratoga-at-Jamaica: weekdays at 1:30 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 3. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 11 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

Tennis—Seabright Invitation Tournament. (Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Seabright, N.J.; through Sun., July 28.) . . . Southampton Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3.) . . . East Hampton Invitation Tournament. (Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I. Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3.) . . . Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J.; starting Sat., Aug. 3.)

Trotting Races—At **SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.**: weekdays at 8:15 P.M. Grand Circuit Week, Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury, L.I.: weekdays at 8:40 P.M.; through Sept. 28. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

Yachting—Larchmont Yacht Club Race Week. (Through Sun., July 28.)

OTHER EVENTS

Tribal Masks—An exhibition of the elaborate false faces used in dances, pageants, wars, and other social events by the busy citizens of such places as Burma, Ceylon, the Congo, and Sumatra. (Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.)

Planetarium—Through Wed., July 31: "Birth of the Solar System." Beginning Thurs., Aug. 1, there will be a demonstration called by the curators, who apparently read the newspapers, "End of the World." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Sat. at 11 A.M.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations Meetings—All open sessions of the Security Council, at the Bronx Branch of Hunter College, are broadcast in their entirety over WNYC.

Music—N.B.C. Symphony, Alexander Smallens conducting, Sun., July 28, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Stadium Concert, Alexander Smallens conducting, Wed., July 31, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Berkshire Festival: Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., July 27 and Aug. 3, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Cleveland Summer Orchestra, Rudolph Ringwall conducting, Sat., July 27 and Aug. 3, at 11:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Jascha Heifetz, violin, Mon., July 29, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mon. and Tues. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 3 P.M., WJZ. . . . Fiorello LaGuardia (from Europe), Wed. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Wed. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Tony Zale vs. Rocky Graziano, for the middleweight title, Thurs., July 25, at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Racing: the Arlington Classic, at Chicago, Sat., July 27, at 6:15 P.M., WEAF.

MOTION PICTURES

The Green Years—This overly detailed adaptation of the A. J. Cronin novel about Scotland in the early days of the century is redeemed by some first-class acting. The cast includes Charles Coburn, Dean Stockwell, and Wallace Ford. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., July 27-30. . . . Plaza, 42 E. 58; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., July 30-Aug. 3.)

Henry V—Any superlatives you have handy may well be applied to this version of Shakespeare's historical drama. As producer, director, and protagonist, Laurence Olivier has done himself and Shakespeare proud, and the cast that helps him along is altogether satisfactory. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. Daily showings at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

It Happened at the Inn—From a great-grandfather, aged 106, to a foolish spratling in his twenties, everybody who turns up at this particular inn is worthy of your fond attention. Made in postwar France. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Fri., July 26.)

The Kid from Brooklyn—Danny Kaye makes the most of his opportunities in this rehash of "The Milky Way," the 1934 stage success. It's about the milkman who became welterweight champion without striking a blow. Vera-Ellen's dancing adds a lot to the film. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

One More Tomorrow—Although the original of this one—Philip Barry's "The Animal Kingdom"—first turned up in 1931, there's still enough life in the story to make an entertaining film. With Dennis Morgan, Ann Sheridan, and Jack Carson. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., July 26. . . . Plaza, 42 E. 58; through Mon., July 29. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Tues., July 30. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Mon., July 26-29. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., July 28-29.)

Open City—A deeply moving description of the workings of the Italian underground, featuring a cast that is just about perfect. (World, 153 W. 49.)

Portrait of a Woman—Françoise Rosay, the French actress, plays four roles, bringing off a tour de force in versatility. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Aug. 2.)

Saratoga Trunk—A part-Creole lass, a cowboy, and assorted robber barons, sumptuously assembled in a full-blown adaptation of the Edna Ferber novel. (Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., July 29. . . . R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; and Nemo, B'way at 110; through Tues., July 30.)

The Seventh Veil—Another arrangement of the Trilby legend, this time with a gloomy cripple playing Svengali to a frail and sensitive pianist. Ann Todd is excellent as the pianist, and the music that accompanies the film is consistently first-rate. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat.,

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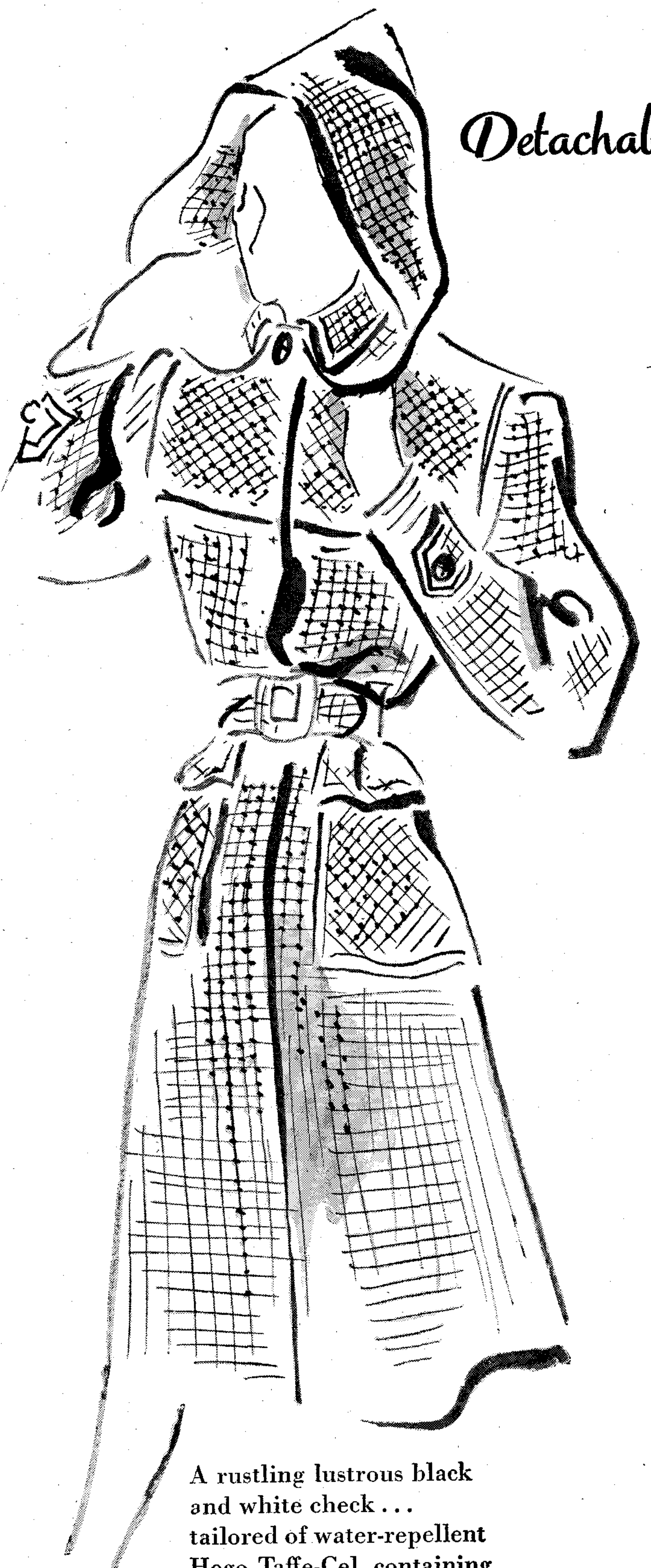

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

July 27. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., July 26-29. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Wed., July 28-31.)

Vacation from Marriage—Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr turn in a pair of stimulating performances as an English couple forced out of a complacent rut by the war. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., July 27-29.)

A Yank in London—There isn't much plot to this story of an American sergeant whom the war thrusts into the bosom of an English family, but the film does underscore in deft style some of the minor differences that make Anglo-American relations difficult. With Rex Harrison, Anna Neagle, and Dean Jagger. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., July 26. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Wed., July 31. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Sat., July 30-Aug. 3.)

Ziegfeld Follies of 1946—Worth seeing just to watch Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly step around. The rest of the business is ornate, but rather tedious. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., July 25. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., July 29-31.)

Note—"Hymn of the Nations," a refreshing half hour with Toscanini, shows the conductor leading an orchestra and a choir through Verdi's "Hymn." (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Aug. 2.)

REVIVALS

Abe Lincoln in Illinois (1940)—Raymond Massey and Ruth Gordon in the Robert E. Sherwood Pulitzer Prize play. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 25.)

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Fri. and Sat., July 26-27.)

The Corn Is Green (1945)—Bette Davis has the role of the interested schoolteacher in this screen version of Emlyn Williams' play. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues., July 30.)

Golden Boy (1939)—Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and William Holden in the Odets drama. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., July 30-Aug. 1.)

I Married a Witch (1942)—About a man who married a witch. Veronica Lake and Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon., July 29.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express train. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. and Mon., July 28-29. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., July 30-Aug. 1.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sat., July 27.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., July 28-29.)

Man of Aran (1934)—A Robert Flaherty documentary film about Irish island life. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., July 26-29.)

None but the Lonely Heart (1944)—London's lower depths, interpreted by Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., July 28-29.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching in the West. Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., July 25.)

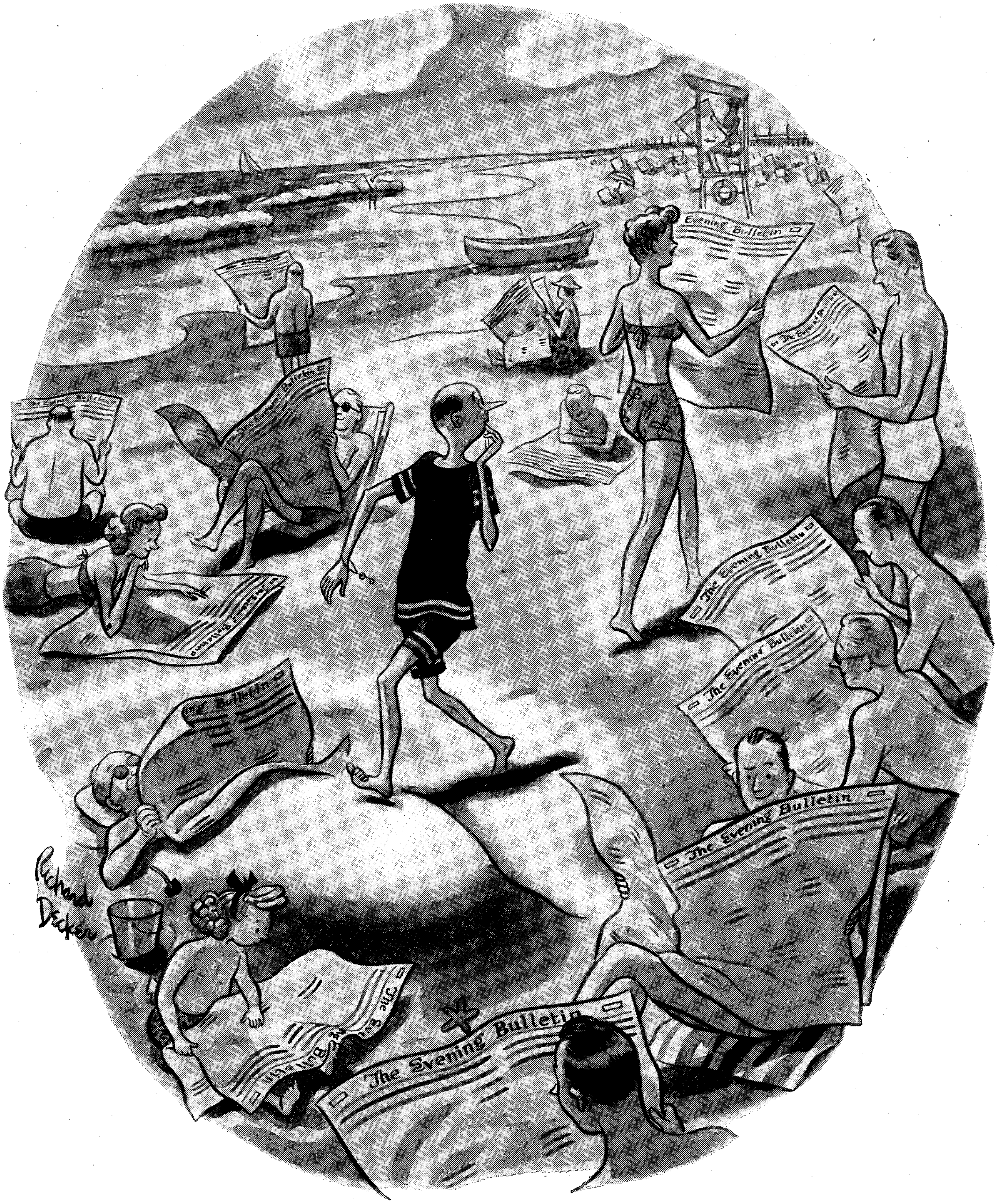
A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of all the Russias. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., July 30-31. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. through Thurs., July 30-Aug. 1.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., July 25.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., July 26-29. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., July 30-Aug. 1.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—An Ernst Lubitsch farce in which Carole Lombard and Jack Benny outwit the Gestapo. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon., July 29.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is presenting the following films as part of a series of documentary pictures—THURS., JULY 25: "H_2O" (1929), and "Ten Days That Shook the World" (1927), directed by S. M. Eisenstein. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., JULY 26-28: "Rien que les Heures" (1926), and "Berlin: the Symphony of a Great City" (1926-1927). . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., JULY 29-AUG. 1: "Earth in Song" (1933). . . . FROM FRI., AUG. 2: "The Wave" (1934). The films are shown weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M.; Thurs. Eves. at 8:15; and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.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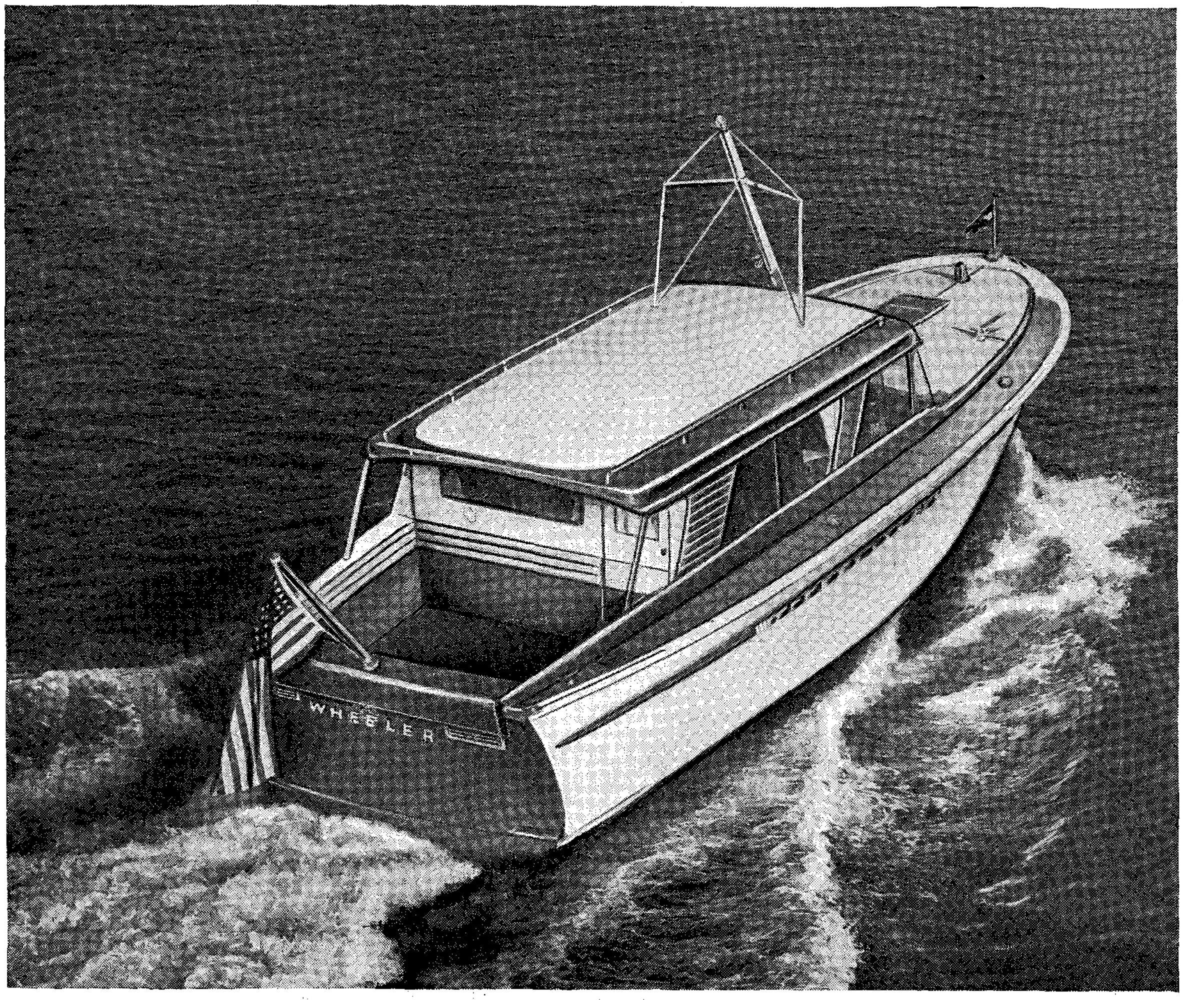

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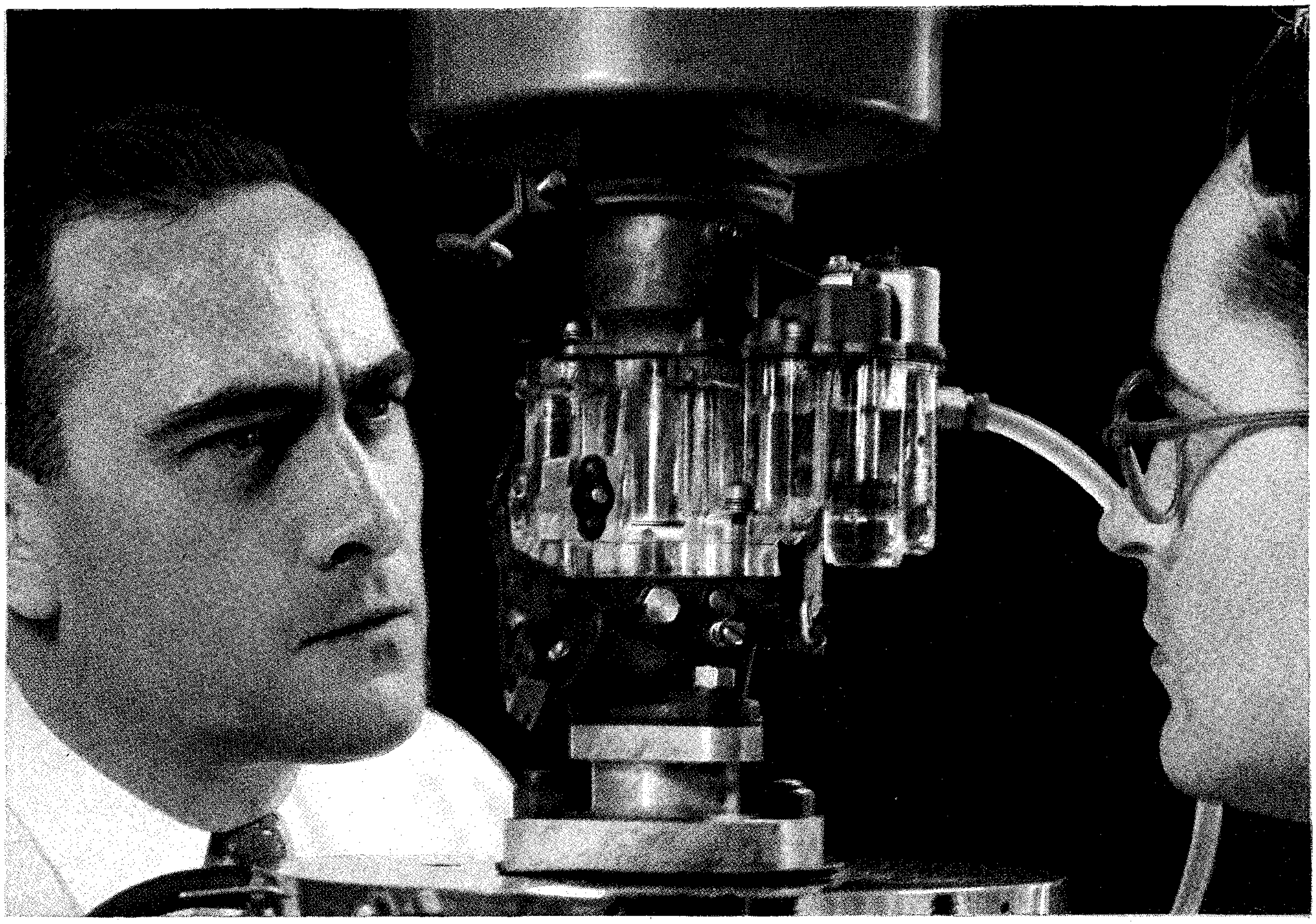

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It discloses bright-colored gas and air mixing at hurricane speeds . . . tiny valves and controls measuring and changing the mixture for different kinds of weather, for a cold or a "warmed up" engine, and for different speeds of driving.

All the work that went into the making of this unique laboratory research device is already proving its value. Engineers now are able to *prove* what used to be theories. They *know,* for the first time, exactly what goes on inside a carburetor. And it is this kind of knowledge that leads to important advances in car and truck performance.

The creative *imagination* that conceived and found how to build this carburetor is always at work among Chrysler Corporation technicians.

That same *imagination* has helped us pioneer many of the most important car improvements of the last twenty years. You'll see its influence in the New-Type Brakes, Safety-Rim Wheels and other exclusive features of the *new* Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars.

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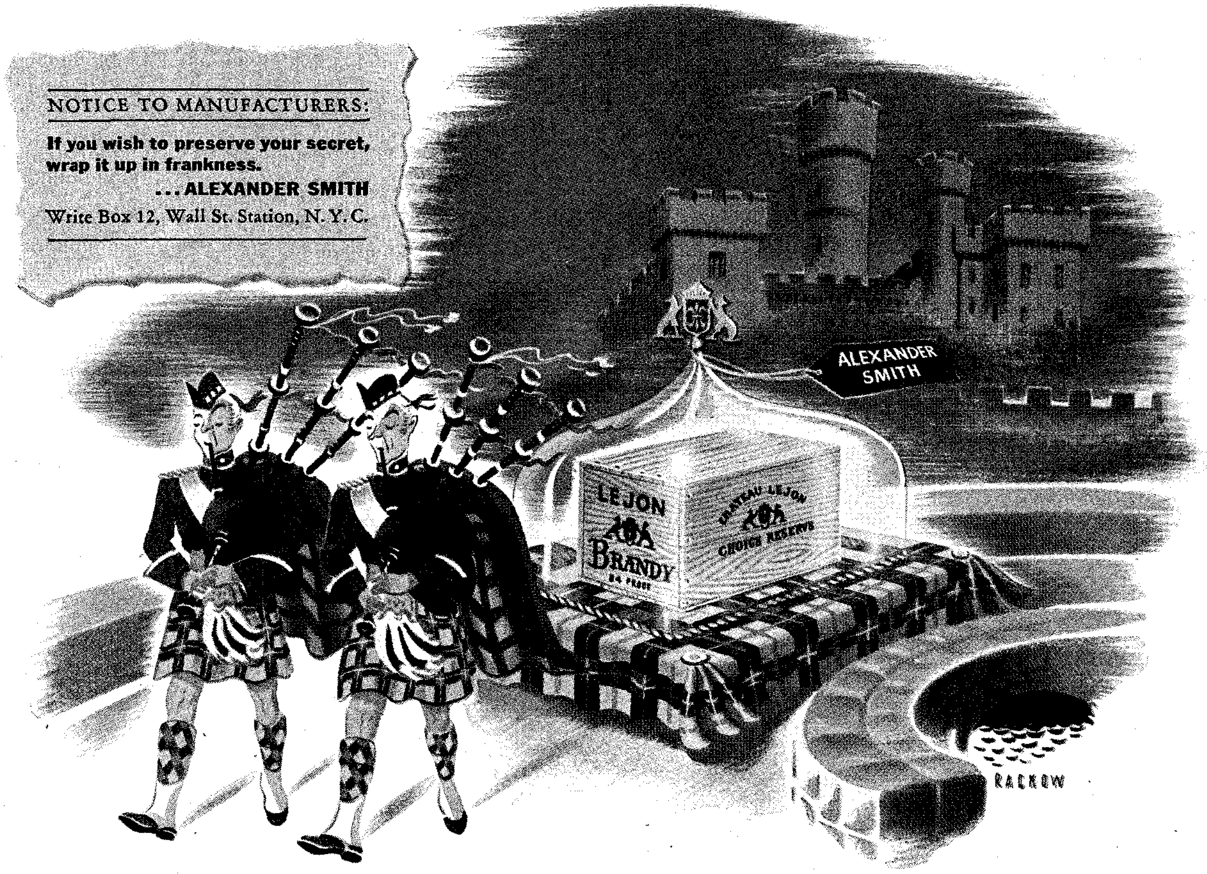

NOTICE TO MANUFACTURERS:

If you wish to preserve your secret, wrap it up in frankness.

. . . ALEXANDER SMITH

Write Box 12, Wall St. Station, N. Y. C.

Aye, there's wisdom in the business philosophy of the Scot, and never better expressed than in your message, Highlander Smith, about preserving secrets. People from all around ask us, "*How* do you make LEJON Brandy so delightfully dry and so delicious too?" The answer to the secret is simple. LEJON is produced by blending ••• with *exacting* care ••• *two* distinct brandies in the slow, costly Pot-still method. This tempers the lushness of California's choicest grapes and makes the final distillate supremely dry. As a toast to our mutual appreciation of candor, a sampling is on its way to you by symbolic transport.

LEJON

*For Brandy Connoisseurs: We have a booklet, "The Spirit of the Grape".**
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

JUDA, King of Bikini, last week received the President's thanks for having punctually and submissively evacuated his kingdom and, with his hundred and sixty-seven subjects, taken up residence on the green island of Rongerik. Like most twentieth-century monarchs, Juda is now in exile, but, unlike his peers, he did nothing to merit his fate. Senator Hatch, the President's emissary, took note of this in assuring the King that the President was well aware of the nature of the royal sacrifice. He went on to say that Juda had made a true contribution to the progress of mankind all over the world. This oracular sentiment was promptly backed up by the presentation of a number of gifts from the rich republic to the east, among them a pipe, a cigarette holder, some matches, some chocolate bars, and a complete set of photographs of the first atomic cloud over Bikini, taken as the old home caught hell. According to the papers, the King looked impressed and grateful. We're inclined to believe, however, that this was mere politeness on his part, *noblesse oblige* being as basic as uranium and sometimes just as handy.

WHILE scientists, members of the armed forces, and radio commentators (the last a grumpy and rather let-down group of men) are conspicuously engaged in trying on a new world at Bikini, our readers need have no fear that ordinary businessmen here at home will be caught napping. On the contrary, as eloquent a revelation of the terror and majesty of atomic energy as we have seen comes to us in the form of a message on the back of the small cardboard container in which the Daisy Manufacturing Company, of Plymouth, Michigan, offers for sale a product known as the Buck Rogers Atomic Pistol, Model U-238. With studied casualness, the message is headed "What Happens When Buck Rogers Uses His Atomic Pistol," and the reader is plunged forthwith into an account that will probably make William L. Laurence, the *Times* atom man, radioactive with envy:

> Sight carefully through Atomic Beam Director with right eye, allowing for fluctuating barometric pressure.
>
> Squeeze the Neutron Blast Initiator. This liberates a small stream of neutrons from the Uranium Concentrating Magazine. The discharge is indicated by a brilliant flash from the Fission Rate Indicator, and is controlled in intensity by the Fission Control Governor.
>
> The released stream of neutrons enters the Atomic Power Release Chamber, where it bombards the atoms of a secret element, resulting in a controlled chain reaction and a release of atomic energy. This energy flashes out through the Converging Target Focuscope as an invisible and extremely radioactive ray which destroys all evil matter in its path and range.
>
> The Muzzle Blast Deflector prevents any stray energy from shooting back towards the Atomic Pistol user. The Recoil Absorber absorbs all kick resulting from release of tremendous energy developed by Atomic Pistol. The loud report is caused by the high velocity rush of air filling the vacuum created by the burst of atomic energy which destroys all air in its path.

Certain foreign powers may affect to pooh-pooh this invention, claiming that the secret element is no more than a simple lighter flint. Such offhand dismissals are neither here nor there. The fact remains that *we* are the ones who have the weapon and that it is up to us—if, for the moment, we may speak for the Daisy people as well as for the rest of us—whether we wish to share it with anyone else and, if so, under what safeguards. Whatever the final decision, it is worth noting, as an example of the fruits of free enterprise and Yankee ingenuity (how much Yankee ingenuity do you find in Europe? Asia? Africa?), that Model U-238, complete with Converging Target Focuscope, is now on sale for the absurdly low price of 98¢.

VICE ADMIRAL WILLIAM HENRY PURNELL BLANDY, commander of Joint Task Force 1 and a local boy, is commonly known as Spike, has eyes that have been described as having "the blue of the Pacific," and is said to measure up to even a reserve officer's dream of what a naval officer should be. Despite these handicaps, he has come far. Last fall, after a spell of sea duty, he was recalled to Washington and appointed Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (Secret Weapons), a position in which he oversees research on atom bombs, robot bombs, and other disagreeable (and as yet unnamed) wonders. According to an admiring associate of pre-Bikini days, "It's Spike who'll shape the size and composition of the new Navy. He's the only man with the vigor, curiosity, and technical background for the job."

Blandy was born in 1890 in a three-story red brick house at 363 Manhattan Avenue, near Morningside Park and the "Death Curve" on the old Ninth Avenue "L." The house was new then, and his mother and father, Charles G., who was finishing up a three- or four-year career here as a grain broker, were its first tenants. It is now a rooming house occupied by ten colored families. (Spike's father is not to be confused with the Charles Blandy, an English lawyer, who resided a few blocks away, at 121 West 122nd Street, and was listed in *Phillips' Elite Directory of Private Families & Ladies Visiting and Shopping Guide* for 1890, which *our* Blandy was not.) Spike's family moved to Delaware three months after he was born. He got into Annapolis when Senator Henry A. du Pont's regular appointee failed to pass his exams. Spike was his alternate, and *did* pass. He turned out to be something of a wizard in mathematics and ordnance and a better-than-average athlete, specializing in high jumping and fencing, and was elected to the staff of the yearbook. In the *Lucky Bag* of 1913, the year he graduated No. 1 man in the class, he is spoken of as "the best Cadet Commander the Academy has known during the life of this class. . . . His savvyness is not the kind that comes from keeping his nose glued to a book. . . . His perfect independence and self-confidence are never adulterated by an ounce of grease."

After graduation, he went into ordnance, which ordnance men like to think is the most exclusive branch of the Navy. He served aboard the Florida, being in on the occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914 and the operations of the Sixth Battle Squadron in the North Sea during the first World War. He spent the twenties and early thirties at the Naval Proving Ground, Indian Head, Maryland; on fleet duty; and at Rio de Janeiro as naval attaché. His first command was the destroyer Simpson, which he took over in 1934. In 1938, he was given command of the Utah, an old ex-battleship which, as a target vessel, suffered several indignities during his command, one of which was being bombarded by planes that dropped ten thousand fifty-four-pound water-filled dummy bombs at her, a thousand of which hit her. With perfect independence and self-confidence, Blandy remained on the bridge during those sham battles and came through unscathed. He was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance in 1941 and held that position until December, 1943. Under him, the Bureau officer complement jumped from eighty to more than two thousand; at its peak, the Bureau handled a billion dollars' worth of war contracts a month. It was Blandy's notion to award the "E"s for excellence to industrial plants engaged in war production. We're sorry to say that he also composed the slogan "Put the Prod into Production," which luckily never caught on.

He returned to sea duty early in 1944, later taking part in the bombardments of Iwo Jima and Okinawa as commander of a support force. When he was assigned to head naval research on new weapons, he put himself through a stiff course in Einstein, Fermi, Bohr, and other investigators of nuclear physics. His wife has since complained that, instead of playing golf or just sitting around the house like any ordinary husband, he prefers to spend his time drawing undecipherable diagrams on little scraps of paper. He worked out the general plan of the Bikini experiments and thought up the name Operation Crossroads, which has been greatly admired in literary and other non-violent circles. This recognition probably gratifies his old associates on the Academy yearbook. He addressed a group of high-school students here in April, before setting out for the Pacific. "I am not," he said, with some asperity, "an atomic playboy, exploding these bombs to satisfy my personal whims."

◆

Incidental West Coast Intelligence: North of San Diego stands an old stucco motor court called Mar Vista.

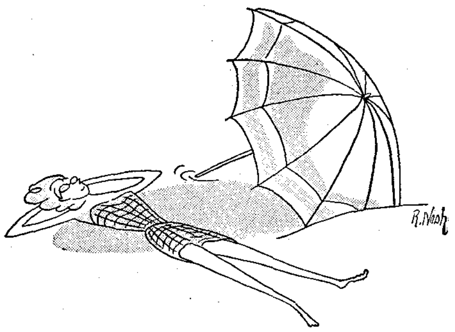
In Long Beach, the human palm is read by Bonded Readers.

On Wilshire Boulevard is a Salon d'Electrolysis.

A Coat for Mauricette

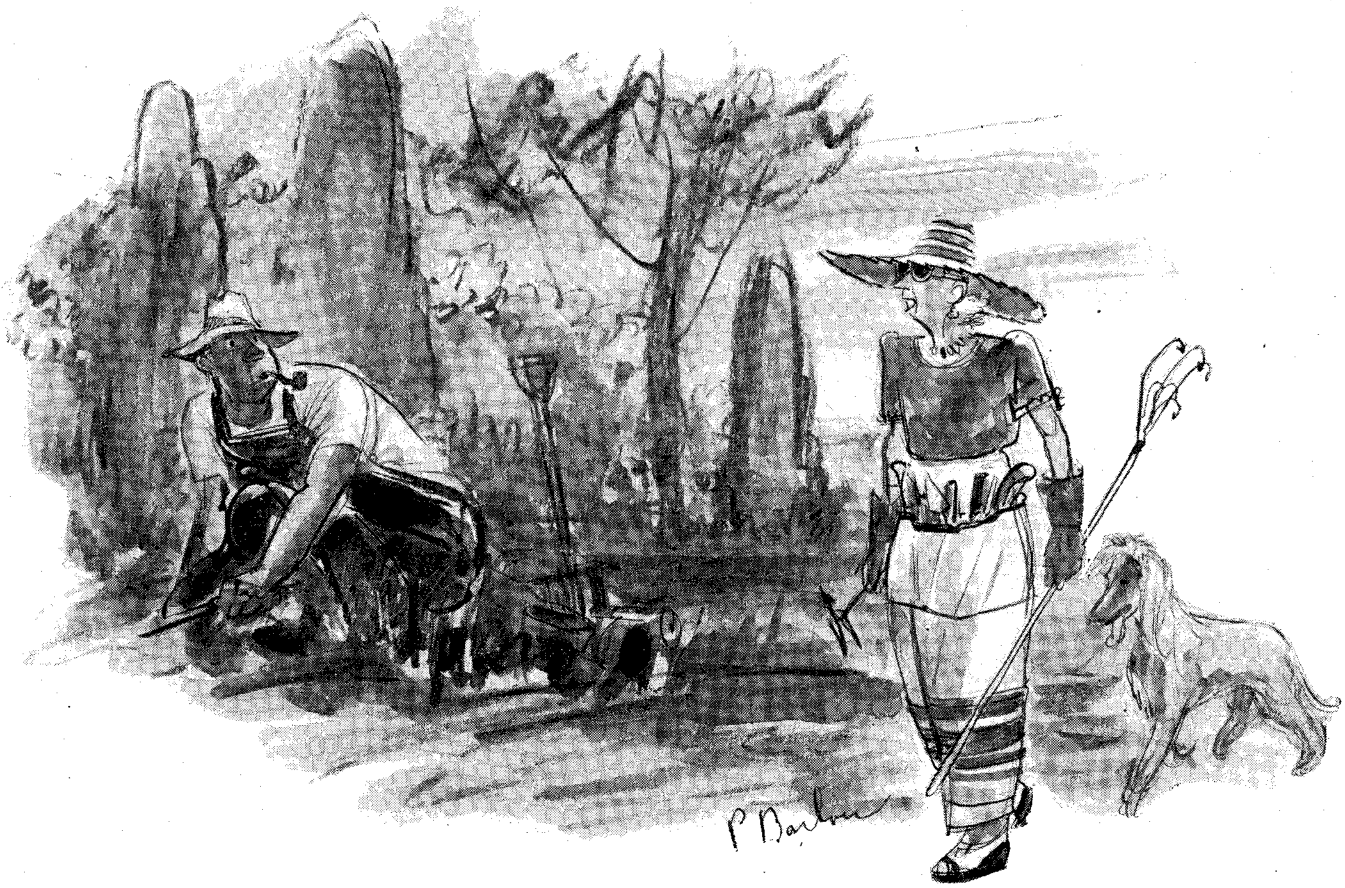
We stopped by at the Plaza the other day to call on Mr. and Mrs. Girard Van Barkaloo Hale, a Santa Barbara couple who some time ago unofficially adopted three hundred and sixty-six French citizens, the surviving population of the ancient village of Maillé, twelve miles south of Tours. An eleventh-century chapel is the only building in the village that remains whole; every other structure was, to a greater or lesser extent, wrecked by the Germans one afternoon two years ago next month.

The Hales have never seen Maillé, and up to a few months ago had never heard of it. Early in March, they had lunch with a friend, Mme. de Cavignac, an American woman who had married a French banker and lived in Paris through the Occupation. She had visited Maillé before returning to this country and she told the Hales what had happened there. She said that a company of German soldiers had arrived in Maillé one day and stamped through the houses, the school, and the town hall, searching for a downed British flier. Failing to find him, they machine-gunned every living thing they saw and blasted the town with artillery. They moved on after setting fire to whatever was still standing, except the chapel, and left a hundred and twenty-seven dead, the youngest a nine-months-old infant. Every cow, pig, horse, chicken, and dog in the village was killed and every bit of farm machinery ruined. Some of the small children saved themselves by crawling into rabbit hutches. Following the Liberation, the French government erected barracks in Maillé, and in these the survivors took refuge. They lacked not only materials and tools to rebuild their town but even pots and pans to cook with.



Mme. de Cavignac returned to France shortly after telling the Hales about Maillé, but before she left, Mrs. Hale telephoned her and said, "We want to adopt the village. Find out what the people need and let us know." Mme. de Cavignac went to Maillé and within a week a committee headed by M. Confolent, a villager who had lost his wife and seven children in the massacre, had drawn up a list of urgent requirements. The list reached the Hales on April 12th, and on June 11th they shipped their first consignment of goods, which included chairs, trousers, shirts, glassware, dishes, towels, and even candles for the chapel. When we saw the Hales, they were about ready to send off a second consignment. Mr. Hale, a trim, gray-haired man, was engaged in attaching to a bright-blue bib a tag reading, "*Avec les meilleurs vœux de deux amis américains, Girard et Kathleen Hale.*" Mrs. Hale was contemplating a pair of men's shorts. "I do hope these are right for *Monsieur le Maire*," she said. "He's supposed to be awfully corpulent. Quite a job finding his size." "We've been shopping all day," Hale said. "We made a frightful discovery this morning—we were thirty-eight coats short. Couldn't get them wholesale, so Kathleen went down to Gimbels and took them off a rack. I went off on a spree myself and bought fishing rods for the boys in the town."

The first item on the list of needs was black drapes for funerals. The second item was altar carpets for the chapel. "At the moment, we're on the gayest



"Good morning, Reilly! Here I am."

• •

sort of stuff," Mrs. Hale told us. "Porcelain with borders of pink and blue posies, and dish towels fraught with red roses. The women will be using those dish towels on their heads, if I know the French. M. Confolent gave us the names, ages, and sizes of all the villagers, so we know who should get what. One little girl, Mauricette Charpentier, is nine. The Germans killed her mother, her two sisters, and her two brothers. We're sending her a bright red coat. André le Rasle is seven; his whole family was killed. He's getting a suit of gray tweed with long pants. Serge Martin is eleven; *his* whole family was killed. Serge is getting a leather jacket lined with sheepskin—the kind aviators wear."

Up to now, the Hales have spent about ten thousand dollars in the outfitting of Maillé. They expect this amount will be doubled by the time they're through. "Maillé is rather expensive," Hale said, "because it's so thoroughly devastated." The citizens of Maillé have put up photographs of the Hales in the town hall. They have also invited them to come over and attend a ceremony to be held in connection with a distribution of the Hales' gifts. "We'll be back on our ranch in Santa Barbara by then," Mrs. Hale said. "We wouldn't want to be in Maillé that day. There'll be speeches."

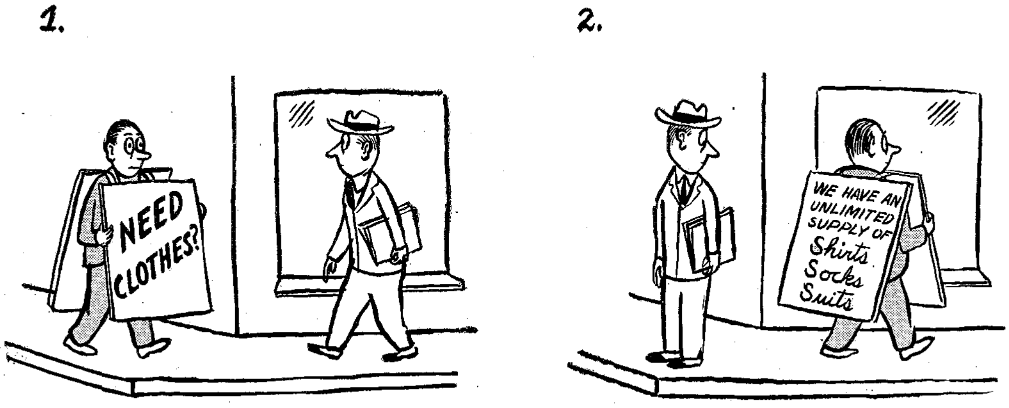
Safe

"DRINK all the coffee I want to now," our East Hampton agent heard a robust old gentleman remark to a companion on the station platform there last Monday morning. "Found an excellent new brand. Got ninety-seven per cent of the morphine removed from it."

Aftermath

IT was a year ago, on July 28th, that the B-25 crashed into the Empire State Building, and the Army is just now winding up the handling of claims resulting from the accident. We've had a scholarly briefing on the subject by the officer in charge, Lieutenant Colonel James A. Travis, Chief of the Contracts and Claims Branch, Office of the Air Judge Advocate. A portly gentleman with a manner befitting the solemnity of his title, he explained that most claims under a thousand dollars made against the Army in this country are, if approved, paid by the Army, that claims for higher amounts are paid through acts of appropriation by Congress, and that claimants dissatisfied with what the Army or Congress is willing to pay them have no recourse other than to get their congressman to introduce a bill in their behalf. "You can't sue the government on torts, you know," Travis said briskly. "Paying a claim is an act of consideration on the part of the government. It all goes back to the days of the kings. When some poor Joe got stepped on by the king's horse, he'd have to pick himself up, go to the palace, hat in hand, and say, 'I'm the poor Joe your horse stepped on. Do you want to do anything about it?' That's the way it still is."

A total of a hundred and twenty-four claims developed out of the crash. Of this number, eighty-three, of a thousand dollars or less, and three of more than a thousand dollars each, have been paid; twenty-nine have been disapproved, five are pending with the Army, and four are before Congress. "Everything we do," the Colonel said, "we do by the book: Army Regulation 25–25. We pay claims for damage to, or loss or destruction of, real or personal property, or for reasonable medical, hospital, or burial expenses incurred on account of personal injury or death caused by military personnel or civilian employees of the War Department or of the Army, while acting within the scope of their employment." The claims of people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NEED CLOTHES?
2.
WE HAVE AN UNLIMITED SUPPLY OF Shirts Socks Suits

who said that their arms had been bruised or their clothing damaged while crowding into elevators on their way out of the building were turned down. A girl employed in an office nine floors above the scene of the crash put in a claim for a purse that unaccountably disappeared from her hand while she was looking out of the window. This was also turned down.

The largest claim was filed by the Empire State Building Corporation, which asked for $487,352.44. After some little negotiation, the Army consented to $288,901.90. Congress passed an appropriation for this amount, and it has been paid. McCreery asked $1,537 for two broken show windows, which had been among the largest in the city. The Army whittled this amount down to $1,316 and Congress O.K.'d payment. The New York Telephone Company asked *and* got $1,869.57—no argument, no quibbling. The owner of a Chevrolet parked on the south side of Thirty-third Street near Fifth Avenue, which was dented by falling debris, was paid $128.80. The Childs at 200 Fifth Avenue put in a claim for $365 for plate-glass windows knocked out there, and the Army paid off. The man who has had the most trouble with his claim is Henry Hering, the sculptor, whose studio, on the top floor of a building just south of the Empire State, was invaded by one of the B-25's flaming engines. The building is owned by Vincent Astor, who set the damage at $20,236.20. He finally agreed to $15,700, of which $6,028 was (and still is) to come from the government and the rest from insurance companies. Mr. Hering's first estimate of his loss, which included the destruction of considerable statuary, was $75,000. He presented this to a group of Army officer-lawyers who called on him the day after the crash, and some of whom he was able to seat on partially burned chairs. There was considerable argument. He hired a lawyer and there was more argument. He refigured his claim in the light of expert advice on the value of his statuary and it came out $137,000. More argument than ever. He revised his figures, downward, arriving at $78,000, which he finally and formally claimed. Last January, his lawyer called him and said that the Army had settled on $25,000, and that he wanted a yes-or-no answer. Hering despairingly said yes. The Army squeezed this amount down a little further and submitted it to Congress, before which the matter now pends.

Aristocratic

A COUPLE we know have just received a postcard from their maid, who is unaccountably devoting a two-week vacation to a tour of the Middle West. "Haveing a fine time," she wrote. "Stopt in Cincinati 14 hrs. The Union terminal there, blt ten years ago, is the most exclucive in the world. Yrs., Hilda."

Dog of a Dog

WE went over to the *Times* office to have a talk with Brooks Atkinson after *Pravda* recommended him for the Order of the Highest Putrefaction, Fourth Class, and called him an untalented calumniator, a bandit not fit to be whipped, a liar, scum, a blackmailer, and so on. We discovered the bandit in a cubicle adjoining the morgue. He is a lean, wiry, professorial, pipe-smoking type, and he was talking over the telephone to his mother. "Now, no need to get excited, Mother," he was saying. "*I'm* not excited. Mr. Sulzberger's not excited. They meant nothing personal. It's just the way those fellows carry on." Mr. Atkinson completed his call, lighted his pipe, and turned to us. "It did startle me slightly, though," he said, "to see all those terms and my name right in front of them. After all, I'm a quiet fellow—onetime English teacher at Dartmouth, dramatic critic, writer of books on birds and Thoreau and the White Mountains. But after ten months in Russia, I know those attacks are almost mechanical reactions to articles in the capitalist press. But *untalented* calumniator is a new one. Sort of distinguished me, I think." Mr. Atkinson first read *Pravda's* bouquets while standing near the information desk in Grand Central, correcting proofs of his articles for their reappearance in *Life*. He had disembarked from a White Plains train and was about to catch another, at the Pennsylvania Station, for Washington and a conference with President Truman, who had summoned him after reading the pieces. "I opened my paper and saw the first few words," he said, "and I knew the approach so well I could have gone on from there and attacked myself for three or four pages without any noticeable change of style." Atkinson spent a half hour with the President, and found him an attentive listener and an intelligent questioner.

Atkinson and his wife were in Moscow from last July until May of this year, living in a single room at the Hotel Metropole with a fine view of the outside of the Kremlin. Every morning, he polluted himself by listening to B.B.C. news broadcasts, after which he read translations of Russian newspapers. During the early part of his stay, he devoted most of his afternoons to writing letters to the government. "None of this casual telephoning for appointments," he said. "Everything must be in writing. But you never get any writing back. You can't say they've refused you, but they sure as hell haven't agreed to anything. So-o-o, after several afternoons of this routine, you go every day to the American Embassy and read books left behind by the O.W.I. Upon my honor, I read not only 'Middletown' but 'Middletown in Transition' and everything ever written by Arthur Schlesinger, Sr." Atkinson left Moscow only once—on a guided tour to Kiev last winter. He finally got hold of a Swedish Volvo, a car pretty much like a Ford, and drove around the city whenever he felt like it. The Atkinson luggage never arrived from America, and he was reduced to wearing the discarded parkas of other correspondents. "I certainly didn't *look* like a capitalist," he said. Atkinson once met David Zaslavsky, the author of the

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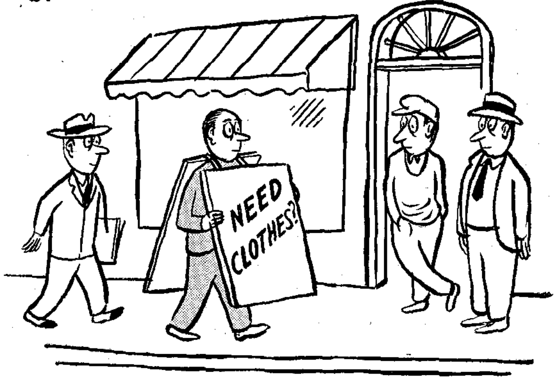
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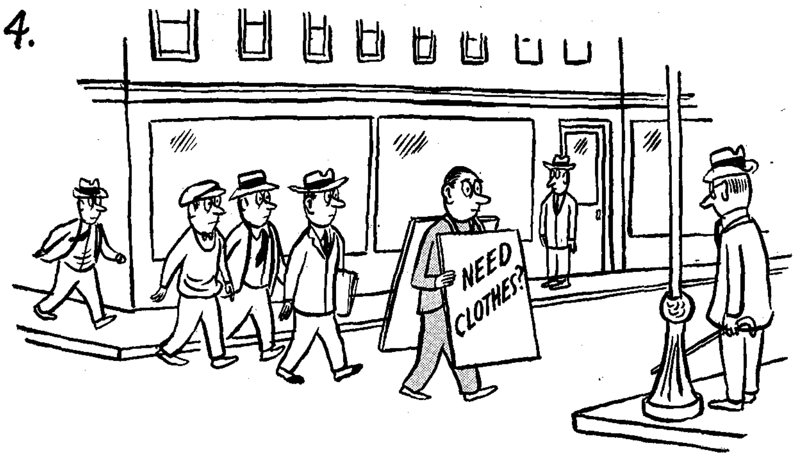
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Pravda attack, in the lobby of a Moscow concert hall. They were very polite to each other. "The word, I think, is 'ceremonious,'" Atkinson said. Zaslavsky is about sixty-five, Atkinson told us, and is a hack writer specializing in the vilification of foreigners (fourth class).

Atkinson took a slow boat home and arrived here on June 26th with his pieces completed. He has been kept busy since their publication answering his mail, which seems to be running half Communist, half Republican. The Republican half is complimentary, of course. "This is a free country, and people are welcome to think anything they like about what I write," he said. Atkinson still considers himself a middle-of-the-road liberal and no Red-baiter. He liked the Russian people—what he saw of them—and he thought the government was sincerely working for what it believed to be their welfare. "When I was in China, I used to say that Russia was a China that succeeded," he said. "I was right. The Chinese government tries to hold everybody in line, but the human element always sneaks in and messes things up. In Russia, there seems to be no human fallibility and you stay right under the old thumb." Atkinson doesn't know whether he will return to dramatic criticism, a profession he once called "ignoble." "But I never said I didn't like it," he told us. He relighted his pipe. "I *do* know this: political reporting in a country with strong censorship is ignoble, and I *don't* like it," he said.

Plea

SLOUCHING down Columbus Avenue last Tuesday afternoon, one of our West Side operatives observed a handsome, pink-cheeked baby making eyes at passersby from the depths of his carriage. Attached to the handle bar of the carriage was a sign, which read, "*Positively* do not feed."

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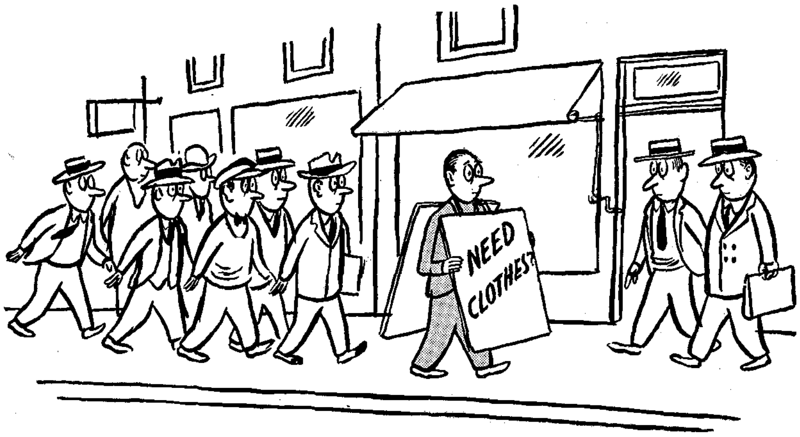
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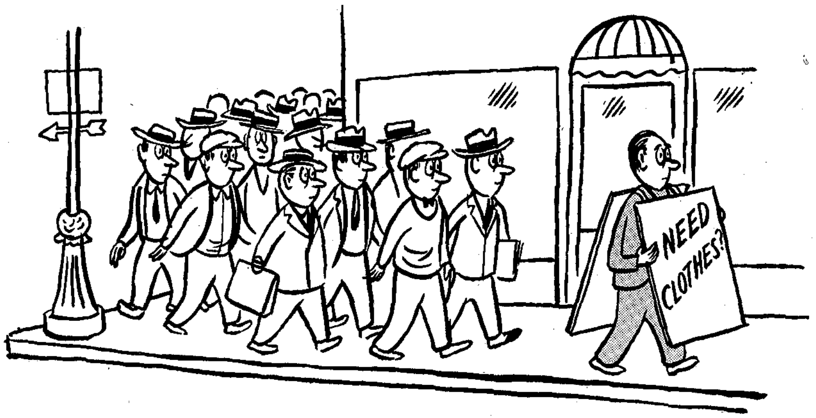
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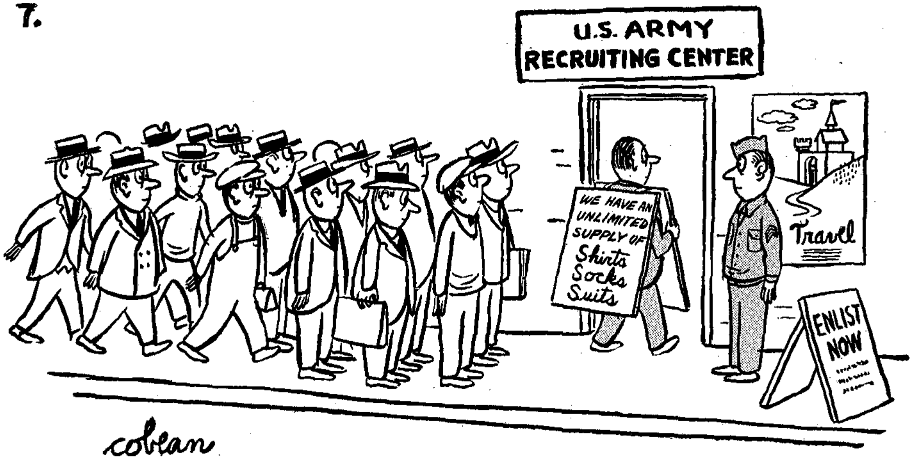
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BEHOLD THE HEBRIDES

"WOULD you wrap up the sandwiches for me, Charles?" said Phyllis, licking her fingers. Charles sighed. He was not the eager, experienced visitor who happily makes his own bed, cuts the thistles and alders, bails out the boat, and picks blueberries for a pie. Nevertheless, he had fallen into the habit of staying for two weeks every summer with the Ishams during his vacation from the publishing house owned by his host, Oliver, even though he was too well aware of the domestic pitfalls these visits entailed. He loved the Ishams and so he kept on coming, but he certainly had no wish to wrap up sandwiches for a picnic; however, he took the roll of waxed paper that Phyllis handed him and tore off a just-too-small square and started in. This year the domesticity was worse than ever, worse than the previous four understaffed war years, for the servant problem was as acute as ever and Phyllis was pregnant and not, as usual, indefatigable around the house. So everybody had to help her more than they or she liked—everybody in this case being Charles himself, Oliver, and Ellie Martin, a protégée of Oliver's, a wan, thin, black-haired girl who had written a moderately successful and intensely autobiographical novel, but who had a rather hunted expression and did not spend any money improving her looks. No, thought Charles, savagely wrapping up a greasy egg-salad sandwich and jamming it down into a corner of the picnic basket, success wasn't becoming to her—it only sat with a hideously responsible air on her shoulders, a care and a burden, to be spoken of with solemnity and deep consideration. And she was so unfeminine—he thought of her bedroom upstairs in the ell, into which he occasionally strayed, when she was out of it, to borrow a pair of scissors or a book.

His experience of ladies' bedrooms was not by any means broad, but still this one struck him as singularly forlorn. It was a guest room, of course, but she was spending six weeks in it, and it had no smell, no flowers, no little jars and bottles, no sweet disorder. Phyllis had told Charles that for the first eight days of her visit Ellie had closeted herself sternly, to work, but after that she'd done it less and less often. "She's relaxing at last, poor thing," said Phyllis. This made Charles grind his teeth, for after all Ellie was not relaxing; she was falling in love with Oliver. He knew that he himself had been asked at this particular time this summer in the hope—on Phyllis's part—that he, the well-to-do, still-young bachelor Charles Fisher, and Ellie Martin, the authoress, would perhaps prove a suitable match. And Ellie annoyed him to the point of murder, that was what it was. To hell with the Ishams, he said to himself, wrapping the sandwiches faster and faster, the wonderful, perfect Ishams; now they're getting into the whirlpools that some of their less admirable friends get into.

"There," he said. "That's all of them."

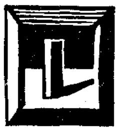
"Oh, good," said Phyllis. "Then we're ready. Why don't you go down and get Oliver and Ellie—I think they're down by the beach—and I'll take the basket and stuff and meet you at the wharf."

"The basket's heavy," said Charles. "Let me take it."

"It's not heavy at all," said Phyllis. "And it's only a step from here."

As usual, he gave up with relief. "All right. How soon are you going?"

"Right away," she said. "Oliver's hot-foot to go to Burnt Island, and he wants to go out through the Gut at the top of the tide." She had whitish circles under her eyes and, though the baby was not due for another three months, she seemed to Charles's eye, supercritical from boredom and summer insomnia, unnecessarily large and slipshod. All the same, she was beautiful, in the classical sense, and he told himself that after all this was only a temporary state and it did have the advantage of making her for once susceptible to occasional unreasonable moods and common, garden fatigue. Even so, she was still so noble that she was hardly bearable, and Ellie was so dreary, so dreary in her career and her love, and Oliver was so absorbed in Ellie, who he was sure would never be fully developed by the guiding hand of anyone but himself, that Charles felt more and more that this visit was a complete failure and that flight was his only salvation. His presence here was neither a blessing nor a comfort to anyone and the sooner he left the better. He would go to other friends—in the Adirondacks or at Mount Desert. No more of this remote, neurotic, pastoral life.



He went out of the house, collecting a sweater and a camera on the way and pulling his bathing trunks off the line by the back door, and took the path across the field to the shore. He went through the asters and goldenrod, and then jumped down the bank to the shingle, where Ellie and Oliver were sitting on a drift log, bent over something they were making in the sand. The brown head and the black one hung close together, the hair all falling down over their foreheads.

"Well, children," said Charles, "enjoying yourselves, I see. Phyllis is all ready to go."

They looked at him, smiling, a little vacant-eyed. Their right hands, thin, brown, and much alike in their length and light dexterity, paused outstretched in the air, the fingers holding periwinkle shells.

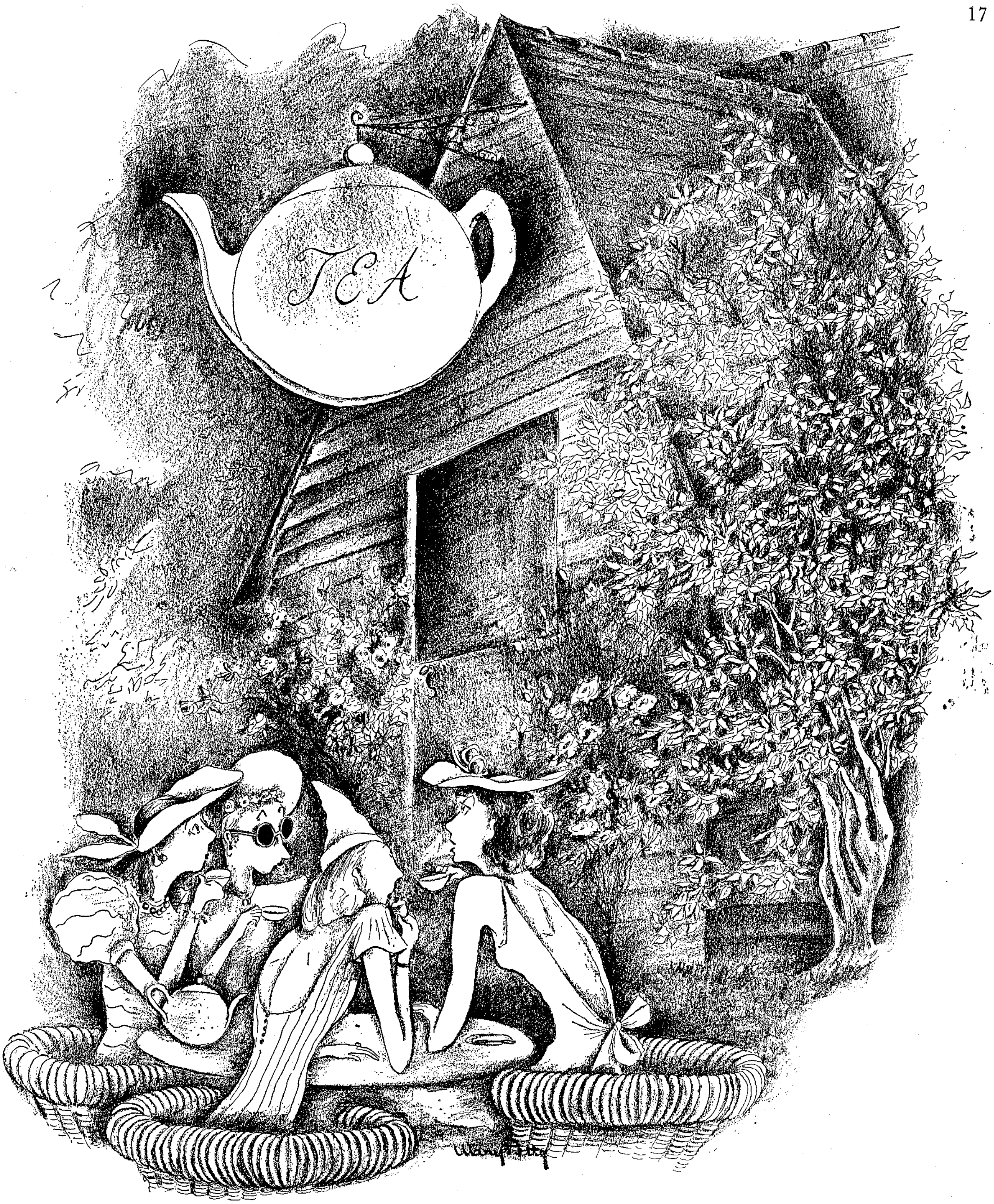
"Look, Charles," said Ellie. "Phyllis dancing." Charles looked. She and Oliver had drawn Phyllis in the sand, in the middle of a leap, and outlined her in shells.

"It's like those things you used to see people making on the beach at Atlantic City," Charles said.

"Don't tell me you ever *went* to Atlantic City," said Oliver. "But, at that, I can see you being pushed around in the spring sunshine in one of those Bath chairs, suffering from some ignominious complaint." He felt vicious suddenly, and he reached out and swept away the shells and the drawing with long swoops. Charles sat down in silence and took off one of his sneakers, pulled a thorn out of his sock, put the sneaker on again, and tied it neatly.

Oliver jumped up, pushing himself up on Ellie's shoulder as though she were a fence post. "Come on," he said. He stood facing the others. A wave ran up the shingle and wet his heels. Ellie looked at him, and her heart fell like a stone. For what was the use of loving someone, she thought, who swept away things she had helped to make, without asking her, and sprang away and did not even notice if the sea wet his feet? Two minutes before Charles had appeared, Oliver had thrown both arms lovingly around her, saying, "Ellie, you don't know what a difference your being here makes to me," and had given her a quick kiss. Then they had sat there side by side on the log, drawing in the sand, and she had felt that he was really glad she was there and she was filled with pride and happiness. And now, there he was, off by himself, not even looking at her. She was young enough to imagine that stability was an advantage in love and she took Oliver very seriously all the time.

"Well, come on, come on," Oliver said again. "Tide's going." The others got up and followed him as he went off along the beach. Their feet skidded



"The judge awarded her the children, but he got the apartment."

• •

backward in the gravel and the broken blue-and-white mussel shells, and it was a relief when they climbed the bank and turned at the top along a path at the edge of the field.

Phyllis, going down from the house to the wharf by another path, saw them as they wound along single file, outlined against the bay. Oliver went first, tall and shambling, Ellie next, and Charles close behind, with the camera case hanging from his shoulder and his sweater dangling from his hand and catching on the asters. He and Ellie walked slowly, as befitted the calm, beautiful day, but even at a distance Oliver gave the impression of one to whom time is sacred and not to be spent dawdling along a path when there is a tide to catch; however, since he felt his guests were not in a hurrying mood, he restrained his wish to run and proceeded with a kind of taut slowness.

Phyllis smiled to herself, and where

the paths—hers and theirs—joined, she sat down to wait. The sun streamed down on the big field that had water on two sides of it, on the pink and the gray rocks, on the bay. Everything was bright, too bright to be true—a weather breeder, thought Phyllis—and all around the wild sea birds shrieked with a lunatic abandon. It was queer how they behaved—on a divine morning like this one they were possessed by fiends and called furiously and weirdly for hours on end, and on dark days of storm and fear and gloom they never made a sound. Phyllis was not imaginative, but it seemed to her that the screaming of the birds was the vocal counterpart of what everybody around her was feeling; everyone seemed to be bottling up screams and wails, including herself, but she was too busy, too detached at present, to care about finding out what the matter was. She lay back on the grass, contented in her brief solitude.

They came up to her finally. "I drew a picture of you in the sand," said Oliver. "Stomach and all."

"*Dear* Oliver," said Phyllis, laughing. "I bet it was terrible. Was it terrible, Charles?"

"Yes, it was," Oliver answered for him. Charles took three times as long as any ordinary person to say anything, even yes or no, and when Oliver was under pressure at all this annoyed him so much that he could never keep from doing Charles's talking for him.

Ellie took up the basket in spite of Phyllis's objections. She felt stiff and frightened and as though Oliver's kiss, the first he had ever given her and fleeting though it had certainly been, was printed plainly on her cheek. Charles, who was beginning to think that this basket was becoming an issue of some kind, took it in turn from Ellie, who did not resist, and followed her down to the wharf, where the high tide lapped with a pleasant softness against the silvery pilings and a white skiff lay against a fender made from pieces of an old tire.

GOING out through the Gut, the bow of the small motorboat ripped through the limpid water and the noise of the engine echoed back from the high shore in magnified, delayed bangs. It was quite a neat-looking boat, but even to the insensitive nose there was no mistaking the fact that for many years and until not so long ago it had been used for fishing. Charles, who inclined to seasickness, sat sideways on the little deck forward, facing the cliff from which the bangs reverberated. This was a straight wall of rock, now all in shade; it was covered with a dry, dark lichen, and in the cracks grew ferns and grass and little trees, and at the foot of it the deep, racing water swept by. Across the Gut from the cliff was a lower shore grown over with spruces; behind that lay the fields in which the Ishams' house sat, like a collection of white boxes all tacked together. They passed the beach where Oliver and Ellie had crouched on the log, and when they shot out of the Gut they turned to the right and headed for Burnt Island, which lay bare and pale far out on the blue sea. The brightness was appalling and Charles, once the cool solace of the gray cliff was gone, bent his head and through his Polaroid glasses regarded his long, sneakered feet, hanging down just above the little spray of tinkling water that rose about the bow. Phyllis, sitting close behind him in the cockpit, was telling him a story about some people he did not know in a necessarily loud voice. Oliver stood by the engine box and steered, staring out over the water in the manner of a businesslike mariner, and Ellie sat beside him, staring out also from under the unbecoming long black peak of a fisherman's cap, which made her look like a nearsighted vulture. When Oliver headed the boat for the faraway island, they ran into the first long ocean swells, and as the boat rolled broadside to the seas Charles came within an ace of losing his balance. He swung his feet into the cockpit and held on with both hands, and Phyllis's voice ran on. There was nothing frightening about the sea; quite the contrary, the rollers were so tranquil, coming from a storm so far away, that there was only a lazy fascination in watching them and in feeling the boat climb kitty-corner up each one that rose, green and slow, under the sharp little white bow. There was not another boat anywhere in sight on the bay, except for a small sail, far away, becalmed in the morning peace. Four miles ahead the island lay on the sea, tawny where the grass had paled under the summer sun, and rimmed with gray rocks. It was entirely bare, and it had the tempting and romantic look of all small and lonely islands.

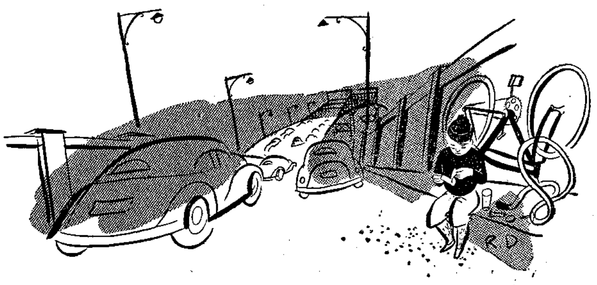
Something was haunting Charles, a quotation he could not place. "Hebrides. . . . And we in dreams behold the Hebrides." It dodged in and out of his head, and finally he said it out loud. Everyone frowned in bemused, high-minded concentration, and Charles cursed himself for mentioning the words that were now to be mulled over with brain-cudgelling. But none of the others had any idea where it came from either; it teased them, and they looked at the island with somewhat different eyes now that a literary seal had been placed upon it, even though nobody knew what the seal was.

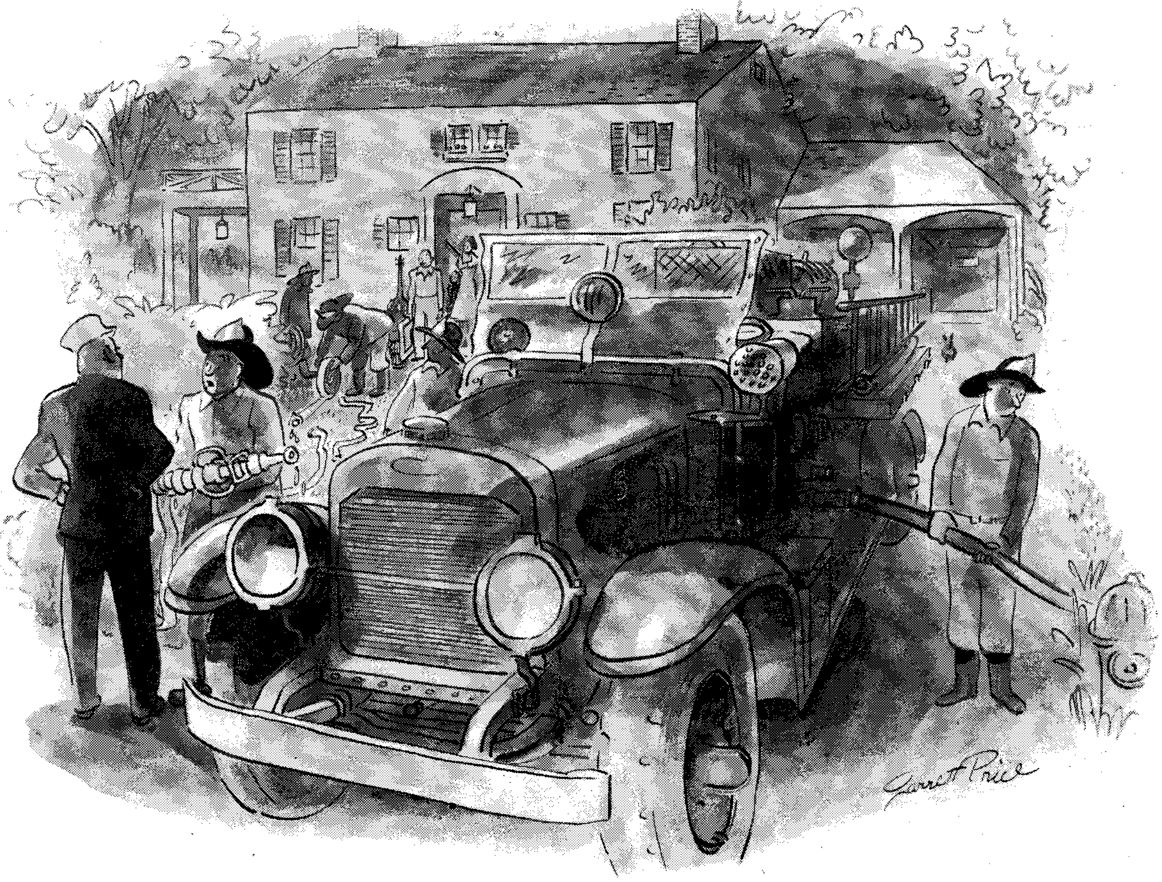
Charles was beginning to feel a little queasy and there was a queer sensation in the back of his neck. He could not find anything to look at that was stable and comforting, since the sea rose and fell in graceful but continual motion; even the gulls coasted by overhead with a ghastly, stomach-lifting speed, and the smell of oil and fish seemed to him stronger than usual.

"I didn't expect it to be so rough, did you?" he shouted to Oliver.

"No!" Oliver shouted back, looking every inch the seafarer. "Must have been more of a blow offshore than what we had here the other day!" He looked at Charles, and added with indulgence, "We'll be there pretty soon." But Phyllis cried, "I'm dying of hunger. Let me have a sandwich, will you, Charles? The basket's under you." He managed to get a slippery package out for her, but he could not possibly look at her while she ate. He pulled his canvas hat down over his eyes and bent his head. Well, tomorrow or the next day all this would be over and he would be gone—gone to the peace and sanity of other faces, another atmosphere, other Hebrides. Once he would have been curious enough, or fond enough, to wait around and see how the Ishams and Ellie managed their impending problems, but now he did not really care, and he did not care, either, that he was so disloyal. He was tired of them all. He retreated into a daydream, scarcely hearing the desultory talk of the others, and each bang of the engine drove hard into his ears.

When he opened his eyes a few minutes later he noticed that, as the boat rolled, bilge-water slopped up over the floorboards, first on one side, then on the other. He did not remember this happening before, and he watched it for a minute or





"Well, that certainly was a disappointment."

two before he had to close his eyes again. Then he heard Phyllis call, "Where's all that water coming from?" and his eyes flew open again. Oliver watched the sloshing water for a second; then he gave a glance behind him at the mainland that, unconcerned though it appeared to be, made Charles's heart skip a beat. Then suddenly the flywheel sprayed water up over Oliver for an instant, then did it again. Phyllis and Ellie were looking in alarm from Oliver to Charles, but mercifully they kept still.

Oliver wasted no time in making up his mind. "Get the pail, Charles, and start bailing. You can get up those floorboards right under you there." He did not change the course, but kept the boat headed for the island.

Charles's seasickness had vanished. "Where's the pail?" he asked. Nobody answered as they all looked around the bottom of the boat. Then Oliver said, "My God, I never put it back aboard after I got the mussels yesterday." Then nobody spoke, until Charles said, "How far's the island now?"

"Not more than a couple of miles, if that," Oliver answered. "That's why I'm going there. I'm not sure we'd make it, going home." They all looked ahead, at the warm, sweet, yellow land; it seemed very near, and yet they knew not one of them could have swum to it from any distance, for they all remembered the outgoing tide and the bitter coldness of the long, smooth seas. They could see a little beach, with a gray shack at the edge of it. Under the clear sky and moving over the placid sea, the situation was unbelievable to them all, but the water kept rising and there was no possible way to check it. Either they would get ashore or they wouldn't. Or some of them would and some wouldn't.

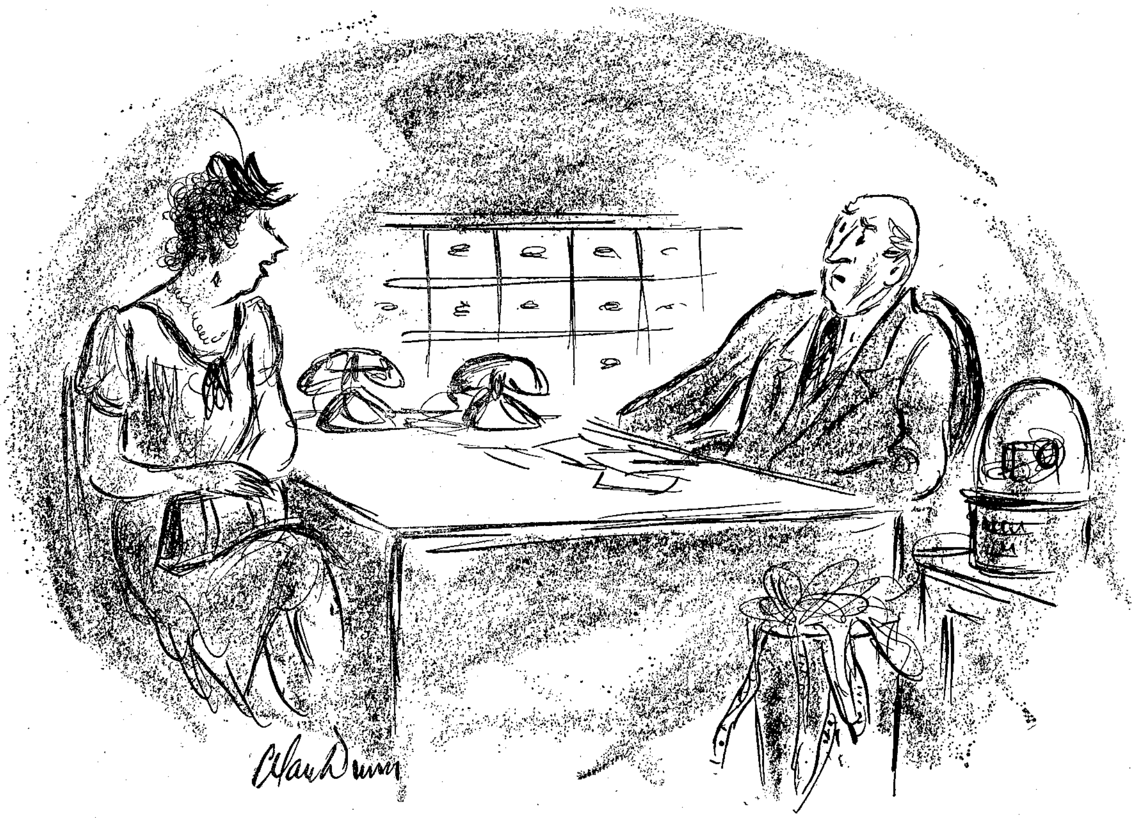
Presently Oliver said, "Give everybody a life preserver, Ellie, out of the locker." Charles, taking one of the stiff cork objects from Ellie and turning to Phyllis, said, "Women and children first." He began to tie it for her and she laughed and said, "I ought to have two—I'll never float with one." He put on his own and took the wheel while Oliver fastened his and helped Ellie with hers, and he felt somewhat melodramatic.

THE engine ran much longer than Charles had thought it could, but they were still a long way from the island when it gave a last, wet cough. Silently, heavily under the hot sun, the boat stopped dead, rolling sluggishly.

"Come on, Charles, we'll row a while," said Oliver. They took up the oars that Charles had already got out from under the seats and given to Ellie to hold. The boat was much too big to be rowed at all easily, and now she was so heavy it seemed as though it would be impossible to move her ahead. But they did. Phyllis steered, and Charles and Oliver stood side by side, each with an oar, and rowed. They were both strong and they pulled steadily, and when, after fifteen minutes, the water was almost halfway to their knees, they rested and looked over their shoulders at the island and it was nearer, a lot nearer. The sweat ran off them and they could hardly breathe. "The galley slaves," Oliver managed to say; then they went at it again, straining at the dead weight of the boat. Phyllis, statuesque and calm, steered with one hand and balanced the picnic basket on the rail with the other, and Ellie held in her arms all the sweaters and two thermos bottles and Charles's camera. Just like women, thought Charles distractedly, treasuring things like pack rats do; when the boat goes down, they'll be clutching my camera and that damn basket.

In another ten minutes he did not much care whether they got ashore or not, there was such a pain in his chest and back. Both his strokes and Oliver's were weak and slow, but the boat crept ahead. He tried to speak to Oliver but only made a croak that did not cause Oliver even to turn his head. Suddenly he took a stroke which only skimmed the water, and he fell backward into the bottom of the boat, dropping his oar. Oliver stopped rowing and hauled him to his knees, crying furiously, "Get up, God damn it, get up!" But Charles could neither answer nor move; he sat hanging onto the gunwale with both hands and rested his head on one forearm. Phyllis had grabbed his oar as it slid overboard, but as she did it she had lost her hold on the basket and it had dropped over the side and floated away, sinking slowly.

As Oliver bent over Charles, Phyllis



"And now, just before the next depression I want you to take all my money out of stocks and buy bonds."

said, "We could swim to it now." Oliver straightened up and looked. They had been carried past the beach by the tide, but they could make the seaward point of the island in the boat, if they didn't lose any time. Phyllis should never try to swim that far, and he doubted whether Charles could swim a stroke.

"Come on, Charles, get up and try again—we're just about there," he said. But Charles did not move. He thought he was dying, and he did not care a bit.

"I'll row," said Ellie, and she took the oar from Phyllis and set it in the oarlock. She did not row well, but her strength was as good as what remained of Oliver's and she pulled with devotion, flailing the water and proud to be in action. She had been frightened before, but now she was happy, swaying more or less in time with Oliver, part of his enormous, heroic effort. Presently they came under the lee of the island and there was no more rolling; then, with a gentle thump, the boat struck the bottom several feet from shore. Oliver sat down instantly and heavily on the rail, looking altogether too red-faced and trembly. Phyllis leaned over Charles and patted him and said, "Charles, dear, what's the matter with you?"

"Pain," he said, touching his chest.

"We'd better get him ashore," said Oliver. "Help me, Ellie. Wait here, Phyl. I'll come right back for you." He took off his life preserver and climbed over the side, where the water was up to his waist. Then he said to Charles, "Come on. Try to get up. We'll help you. Get ashore where you can lie down."

So they were safe, thought Charles, safe ashore, safe in the beautiful Hebrides. He roused himself. Ellie took hold of him under the arms and boosted him up, and as he half rolled over the rail Oliver caught him. Ellie followed him over, and he feebly put an arm around the neck of each of them and off they splashed, staggering and slipping. They got him up over the rocks to the grass and laid him down with his life preserver under his head, but he could not breathe well lying down, so they propped him up against an outcropping ledge. He was beginning to feel better already and had decided that he was not going to die after all, but he did wish there were some shade.

"Is Phyllis all right?" he asked.

"Yes," said Oliver. "I'll go and get her. Then we'll fix you up more comfortably." He went away unsteadily, slowly, tired out.

Ellie sat beside Charles in silence. Over their heads a gull drifted by, slim and confident against the dark blue noonday sky. Crickets sang in the grass, and the drying rockweed whispered in the sun. Under his hand the turf was scratchy and hot. Through half-closed eyes he saw the boat, a little lopsided, with Phyllis standing in it and Oliver wading out to her. He felt as though he were burning up, but the pain in his chest was less.

"Well," he said, "what a day." He began to chuckle, just why he didn't know. He looked up at Ellie and then closed his eyes tight, retaining for a second a picture of her face, plain and pale under the bird-of-prey cap. Poor girl, poor girl, he thought, how an experience like this one will cement her love; she hasn't got a chance, now. Suddenly overcome by bathos, he wanted to tell her to run, to flee before it was too late. Oliver hasn't got anything to give you, he wanted to say. He's cold, cold as ice, and he can't love anybody, much less you. He'll exploit you and perhaps use you, that's all. I've known him a long time, and we're none of us getting any younger. Run, Ellie, save yourself, run to somebody warm, somebody cozy, somebody who'll cherish you. I was going to run, too, from the whole lot of you; I don't know now whether I can or not, but you still can, and you'd better.

He moved his hand back and forth lovingly over the grass. There might have been a moment out there in the boat, with the water rising about their legs, when he could have said this to her, and she might have listened. But now the moment was gone, the peril was over, life was back in its ordinary tracks. To and fro his hand ran over the grass, over the dry, ant-infested earth. He heard Phyllis and Oliver splashing through the water and, as they came up to him and sat down beside him, Phyllis said regretfully, "What a shame I lost the basket overboard. You'd feel a lot better if you just had something to eat, Charles."

—Elizabeth Parsons

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Hollywood, Cal.—Gene Autry is better after being kicked by a horse.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

Who isn't?

ONE OF THOSE DAYS

IT was one of those days. "How're things, Mr. Molotov?" I said to the fellow who sells me the morning paper, down at the corner. He's a spry little nut-faced Irishman, about sixty, bald-headed, but wiry. Name of Bunty, or anyway that's what it sounds like, and usually we kid a little. I'll call him Mr. Molotov, or Stettinius, maybe—you know, somebody in the news—and he calls me Captain, or Colonel. It's just a way of easing your way to the subway. But this morning he was gloomy.

"I don't know," he said. "I get these twinges across me back that's like to break it, they're that vi'lent. I went to bed with it last night and I woke up with it this morning and, by God, from the looks of things I'll go to bed with it tonight. Is it the weather, d'you suppose, or what is it?"

"It's your sins that are finding you out," I said. But the light touch didn't go over so well that time. Bunty looked hurt.

"How's tricks, Wally?" I said to Wally Burnett. I ran into him over on Forty-fourth Street, he hurrying east and I west. He's a tall, lanky, heavy-featured fellow, used to be with N.B.C. till the war got him—in the publicity department, I think it was. Now he's started some sort of press bureau of his own, and from what I hear, it's a gamble.

"O.K., I guess," he said.

"How's Florence?" Florence is his wife.

"Florence? She's a little better today."

"Better?" I said. I didn't know she was sick.

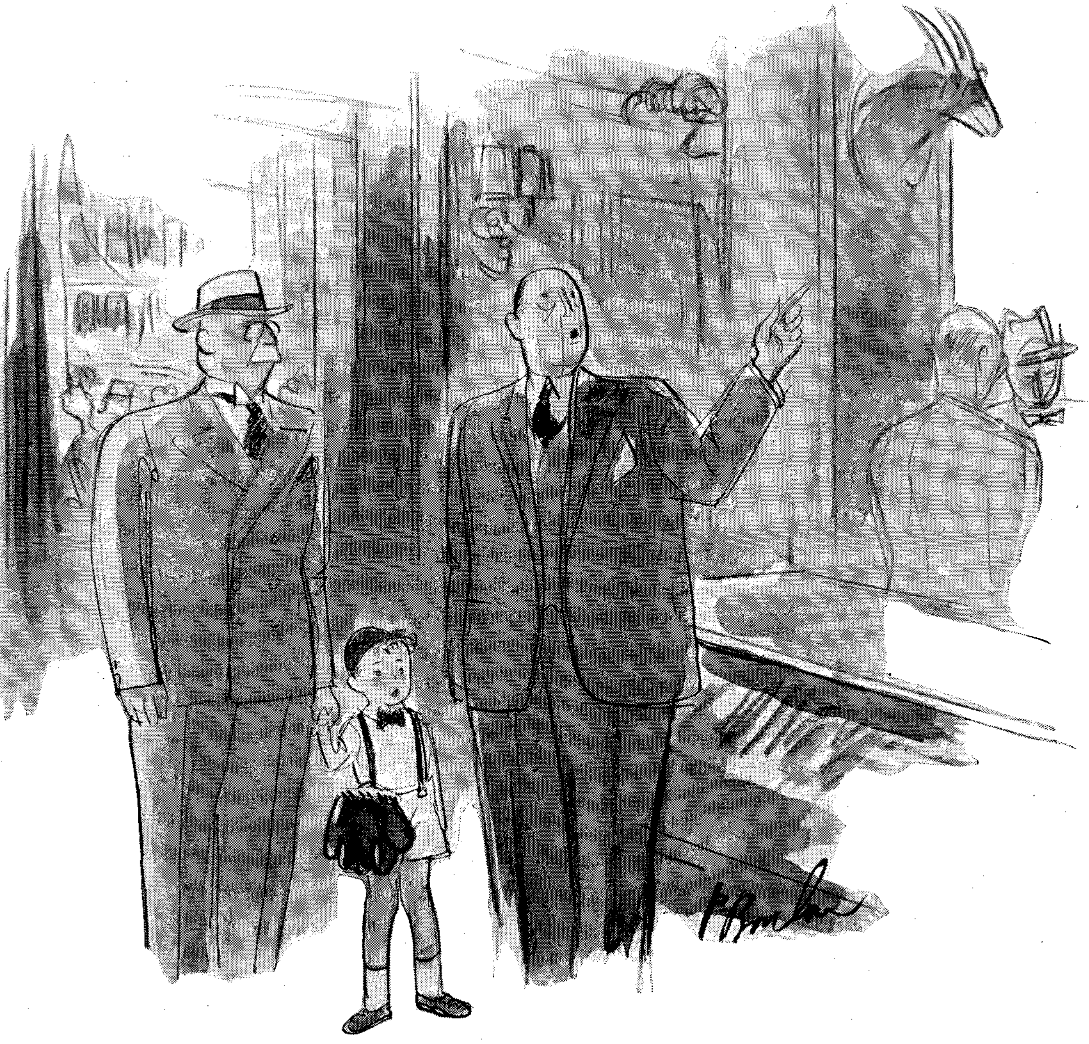
"I've got this pain," said Ted Buckley.

". . . right across the forehead, above the eyes," said Chick Harris. I met him at a little bar I sometimes drop into when I'm in the garment district, off Sixth in the lower Thirties, and as I stood there looking at him I thought in a doctor's office this must go on all the time. I've got this pain, says the man in the dark blue suit. The doctor knows his name; he has it down on his pad, with his age and his weight and all the rest of his history. It came on about four days ago, says the woman in brown, and at first I wasn't worried. It's my husband that made me come here, really. He said, Look here, Billee, be sensible, and then so on and so on.

And when the pills are prescribed, the next visit arranged for, there are the two women sitting side by side, unspeaking, on the sofa—Mrs. Bullitt and Mrs. Franklin, maybe, but of course they don't know each other—the lean girl in slacks and pulled-back hair, the nervous-looking man in gray, fumbling through *Life*, and the man sitting in the stiff-backed chair near the door and looking worried, still to be heard from.

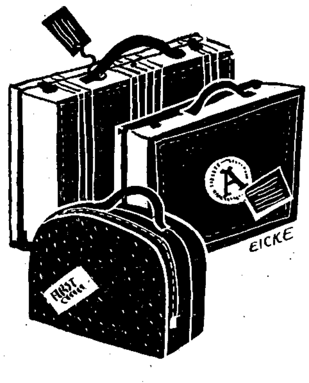
But the doctor has only to listen, and diagnose, and forget. ("And where in God's name is the money coming from?" Chick Harris was saying. It had developed by now that what he feared he had was some kind of brain tumor, the same thing his uncle had died of.) The doctor has his office hours and the routine of visits afterward, a few hospitalized cases to be looked in on, and then back to the office from five to seven again. But then after that he can forget. The doctor's office is a channel through which flows a certain section of the city's ills. But the flow can be turned on and off at will, and when the office is closed—the neat waiting room empty, the consultation room, and the white-walled laboratory beyond all silent and dark and deserted—then the ills must seek other outlets. The doctor is away—having dinner with friends, perhaps; at a movie; playing poker, maybe. The doctor, maybe—I was beginning to characterize him: Doctor Proctor the name, middle height, middle age, rather thin and erect, with a large head, large eyes, full, pale lips, and an unexpectedly resonant voice—Doctor Proctor, after hours, is a fiend for poker.

But the friend cannot forget. He can only listen, record, and inevitably be affected. Chick was worrying about what Evalyn would do if anything should happen to him. "If I had the dough," he said, "and the trouble is just a couple of hundred bucks would cover it, I could clear the whole thing up,



"Oh, Mr. Harrison—home plates."

probably." He was on his second drink, and I was still on my first. I knew, anyway, I would have to pay for them. "You know," Chick went on. "Or I know, anyway. And I know you know, too, from the way you're looking. It may all be imagination. But if I could go to a hospital for a week or so. If I could go to a specialist. If I could just find out." Uncle Warren, he said, had gone just like that. The friend, perforce, remembers.



But then I thought maybe Doctor Proctor has his troubles, too. And I had a quick vision of him, leaning back while the cards were being dealt and turning to his next-chair neighbor. "Listen, Sawyer, you know the law," he might say.

EVERY day, any day in the city, is a kind of crisis. There are days when you come out of the apartment-house entrance in the morning and the girl just passing is pretty, and what's more she is headed the same way you are, and the fact that you'll have those two handsome legs to look at all the way to the corner gives a lift to things that, with luck, lasts throughout the day. There are days when half the women you see have their ankles bandaged.

There are days when things click, inexplicably—when the Broadway express comes in just the moment you reach the subway platform, when the traffic lights change to green as you reach the corner, when the elevator door doesn't close till the moment you are in the elevator. There are days when everyone you meet seems to have just passed the point of endurance—when the waiter is surly and the bus driver barks at you, not for anything *you've* done, you understand; it's the fault of the people they had to deal with just ahead of you. All you do is take the brunt of it.

This was one of the dull days, when the world seems to close in slowly on a person, like the flat little petal-shaped leaves of a camera's shutter closing over the lens. Every single person I ran into seemed to be having hard luck.

But it was late afternoon, and by that time I was sitting in a cafeteria, down in Greenwich Village, before the whole thing came into focus.

I was sitting in this cafeteria, and it was one of those queer, fake-modern places, full of glass and chromium and blue lights and awful coffee; I was sitting there alone, at a table up near the window, along with three or four other lonely men, each at a separate table; I was thinking, mostly, of Chick Harris. There was a time, when we both had houses in Douglaston, when we played a good deal of golf together, and there had been a time today, when he was talking about his worries, when I'd had it on the tip of my tongue to say, "Listen, Chick, I can lend you the money."

There had been that moment, in the dark, green-walled, rather gloomy bar, and the air in the bright cafeteria was still heavy with it. "It just happens that I've got some dough lying loose at the moment," I might have said. (It just happened that I had.) "No, now, listen," I might have said. (He would, of course, have protested.) "If it was going to be any inconvenience, I'd tell you so. And it isn't as if I didn't know you were good for it," I might have said, and then, seeing the dawning of his gratitude, the new hope that would have lighted his eyes, the more confident carriage as he walked out with me from the bar . . . It would have been swell. It would have been wonderful. It would have been like a movie. But I hadn't done it. I had let the moment slip, and, like every other moment in the day, it had been a moment of divergence. Once it had passed, I had begun thinking differently.

What would Margaret say, I had thought. (Margaret is my wife.) Hypochondria, I had thought; the chances are he's no more sick than I am. I've got to think of myself, I had thought. I'm not so rich I can afford to have that much money outstanding. Suppose something happens and I need it in a hurry. . . . And, well, one way or another the moment had passed.

I had waited and watched. I had wanted to see what he would do, and there had been a time just before we left when I'd thought he was going to ask me straight out for the loan; there had been something in his eyes, or something. But he didn't. Chick never was that kind. He would never ask, and though we had said goodbye, friendly enough, at parting, it was still, somehow, awkwardly. It was the end of a friendship, we had both realized that.

I was still thinking about it, sitting over my (awful) coffee, when the little guy came by with the loaded tray, looking for a table. As he approached me, I noticed that he really had got himself a trayful. He had meat loaf and vegetables of some sort on one plate, and beside that a little dish of what looked like stewed corn. He had rice pudding and a glass of tomato juice and a cup of that awful coffee, and what with the bread on another dish and the cutlery and so forth, he had the tray so crowded that he had had to sort of double-deck it —I remember the bread plate was slid over on the rice pudding and the coffee was balanced on the tomato juice. He was heading for a place up near the window, and he was doing all right till he came just about abreast of me. Then he ran into trouble.

It was a chair that stopped him, and as it happened, it was the chair just across from mine, at my table. It had been left pushed out, so it blocked the aisle, and, well, there he was, stymied, sort of, and I suppose that right then I should have jumped up and helped him. I should have pulled the chair out of the way. I should have made myself useful. But you know how it is in a cafeteria. People mind their own business, and for a moment I just waited and watched. I wanted to see what he would do.

There were plenty of other tables he could have gone to, of course; at that hour the place wasn't crowded. Or he could have just backed away and tried another way around. But he didn't. He stood there a moment, then he glanced at me—and then, kind of desperately, he put one foot out and tried to yank the chair away. As he did so, the tray tilted slightly, and the coffee, the awful coffee, spilled over everything. I want to tell you, it slopped over everything.

It was funny, I suppose, in a way, and yet it wasn't funny. It was funny because an accident like that is somehow always funny. It wasn't funny because of what he did afterward. He just stood there a second, looking at the tray and its contents. Then, very carefully—and it was odd, his being careful then—he put the whole tray down on the nearest table, and walked right out of the place and vanished.

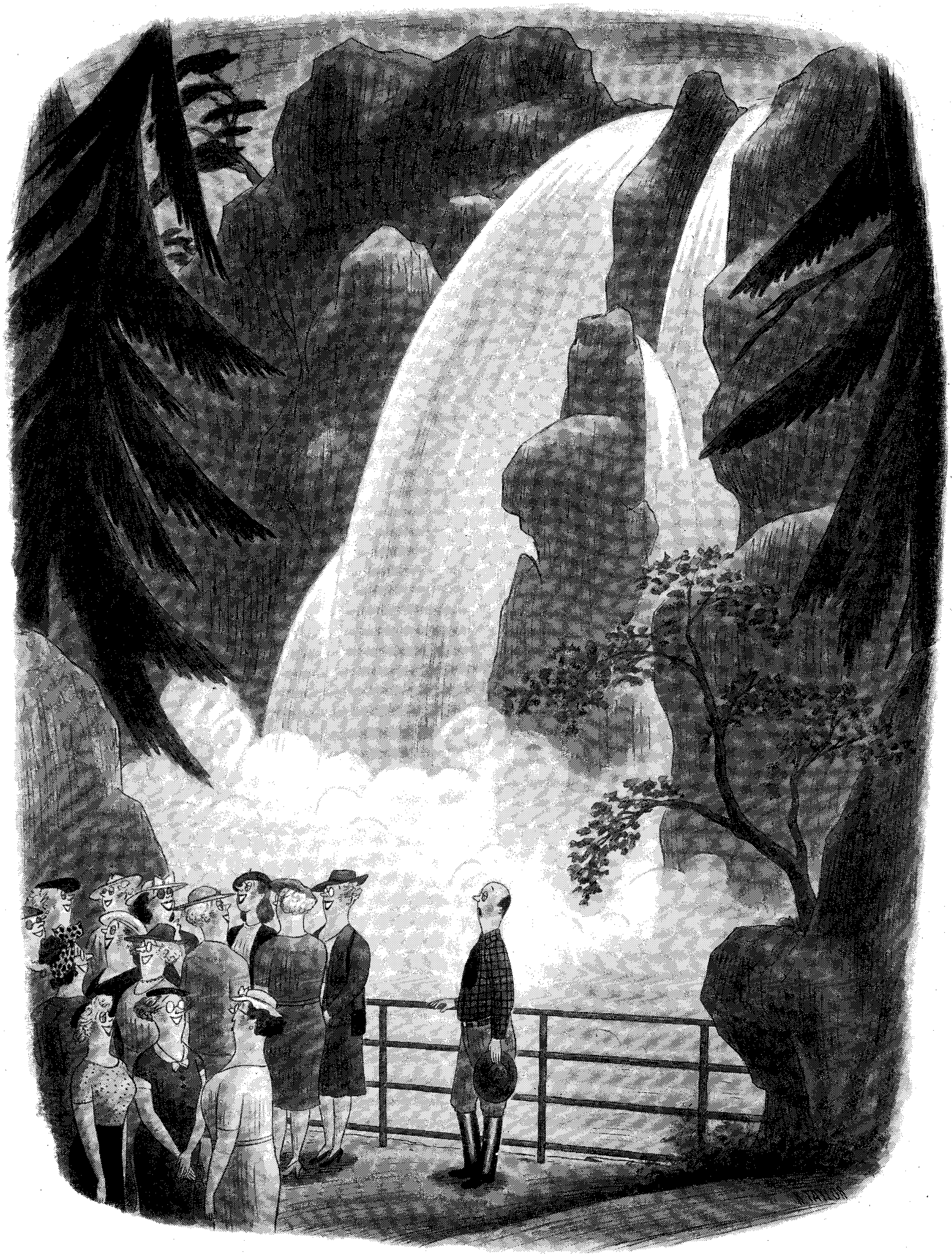
The odd thing was I felt sort of guilty. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From a letter in the London Times*]

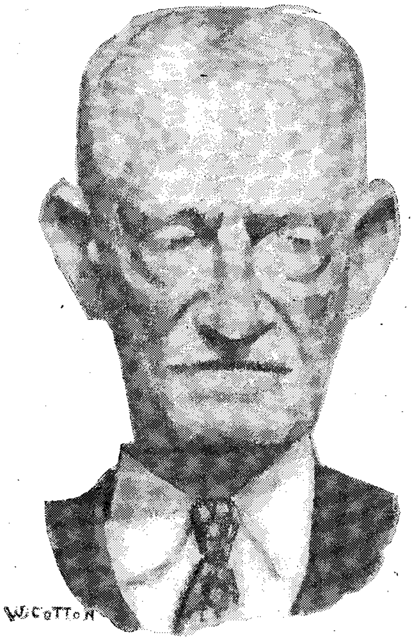
Youngsters will take but little notice of moral precepts designed to lead them to the enjoyment of a state of life into which they can enter with far greater ease than they can fix the picnic which normally adorns its threshold.



"Now if we can all be silent for a few moments, we will hear the thunder of the waters."

PROFILES

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN—I



CHARLES PRENDERGAST, a small, gray, blue-eyed man of seventy-seven who looks like a retired Yankee sailmaker, has the unusual distinction of being both one of the most esteemed and one of the least known of contemporary American artists. His older brother, Maurice Prendergast, who died in 1924, was a far more famous artist. Even in those tight, talkative circles called the art world, the mention of Charles Prendergast's name is apt to cause puzzlement or silence. His admirers, those who merely like his work as well as those who have expressed their approval in cash—one of them has paid as much as $7,500 for an example—find this hard to understand. He is represented in many important American museums and private collections and is considered, by those who should know, the greatest living maker of incised gesso panels.

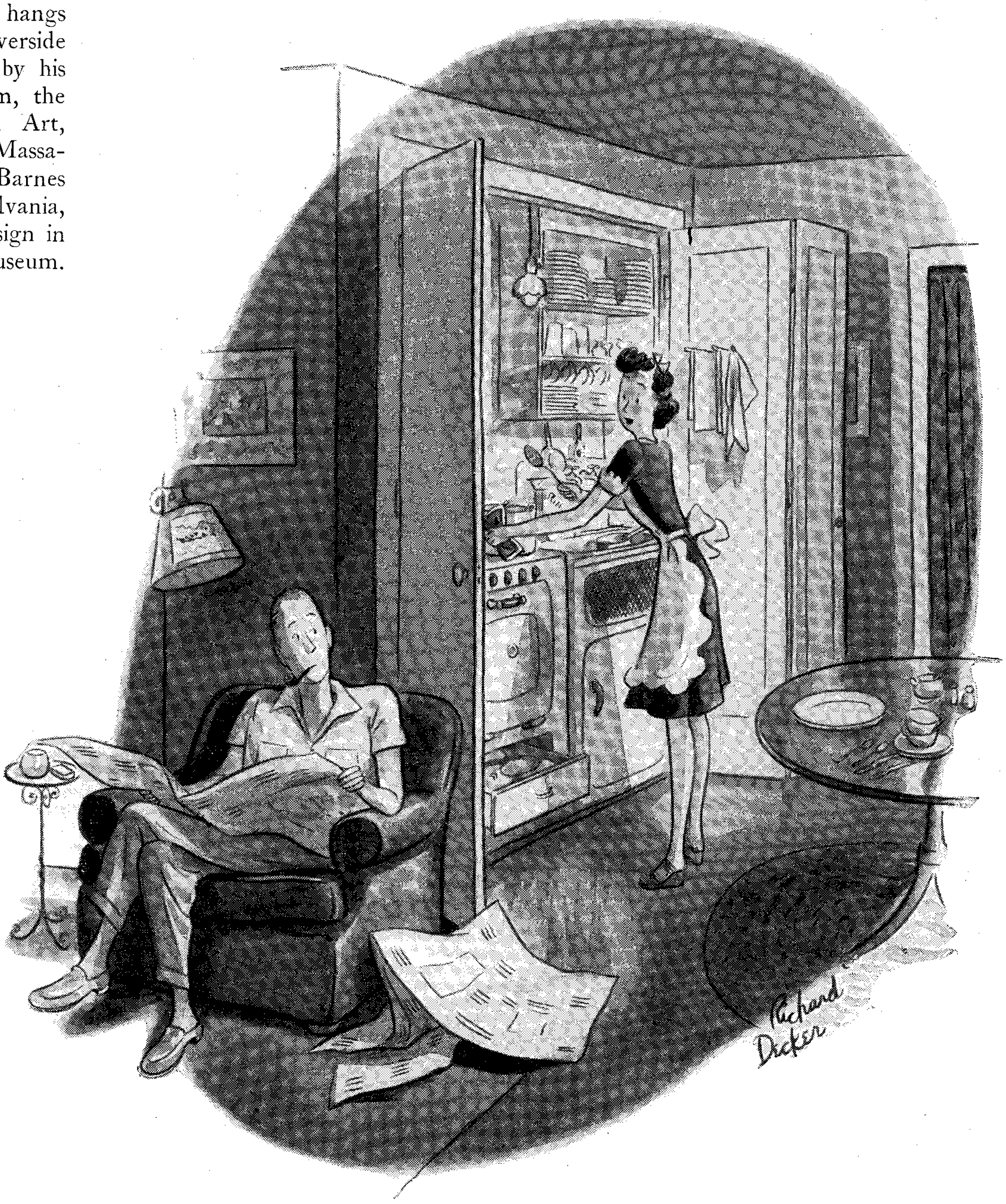
A gesso panel is nothing more esoteric than a thin slab of wood that has been covered with a mixture of gesso and glue. And gesso is simply what slaked lime or plaster of Paris is called when it is put to this artistic use. Many artists use a gesso panel as a surface to paint on, just as other artists use beaverboard, silk, glass, paper, tin, or even canvas. That sort of *un*incised gesso panel is not to be confused with the incised ones turned out by Prendergast. These are considerably more complicated. Prendergast's technique is similar to that of all the artists who have been incising gesso from the time of the Wei dynasty in China, but he has his own method of mixing the glue and the gesso, and he has managed to keep it secret. After applying his mixture to a slab of wood, generally white pine, he waits a couple of hours for it to dry. He then places upon it a "cartoon" he has already prepared, the back of the cartoon being covered with a rubbing of charcoal, then traces the picture with a pencil, incises the lines of the picture with a small cutting instrument such as engravers use, paints it with either tempera or water color, and, finally, finishes it off with quantities of gold leaf. In his panels and his screens, which are merely three panels hinged together, he has quite possibly used more gold leaf per square inch than any artist since the High Renaissance. One of his friends, talking recently about this gilded obsession, said, "Charlie's got his work in Heaven all laid out for him. As soon as he is officially admitted and has had time to look up his brother to find out if he likes it there (they'll both move to the other place if Maurice doesn't), he's going to be assigned to the repair gang that looks after the gold-paved streets. I wouldn't be surprised, though, if the foreman has to call him down for spreading it on too thick."

PRENDERGAST, who now leads a rather secluded life with his wife in the well-combed wilderness that surrounds Westport, Connecticut, is what the art critics call a primitive. He began his career as a picture-frame maker and has never had an art lesson. Furthermore, he did not get around to incising gesso until he was forty-three. Until then, while Maurice was making a reputation as a painter, Charles was making a reputation as the producer of the finest picture frames ever turned out in this country. Connoisseurs say that if he had done nothing more in his lifetime than make his frames, he would have been an admired, if anonymous, figure a hundred years from now.

Frames cause artists almost as much worry as the pictures they paint and put in them. There are good frames and poor ones. The first have a positive aesthetic quality of their own, but not so positive as to distract attention from the merits of the pictures they happen to surround. "A good frame," Prendergast explains, "will bring out all the fine points of a good picture and it will strengthen a poor one, making it seem better than it is, although nobody who knows about art will be fooled." Prendergast is able to speak with some authority, having made about a hundred "big" frames (those that took him six weeks or longer) and more than three hundred "little" ones (which he used to turn out in about two weeks), or a total of more than four hundred. During his years as a frame maker, Prendergast was responsible for one of the minor revolutions in art. Up to the latter part of the nineteenth century, the majority of the hand-made frames in this country came from Europe, where, ever since the Renaissance, frame making has been a respected lesser art. Until Prendergast came along, frame making had remained more or less the same since Benvenuto Cellini, who, amid all his artistic and amatory excitements, found time to turn out a few. First, the wood of the frame was ornately carved, then a coat of gesso was applied to the wood, then the gesso was covered with gold leaf, and finally the gold, in most cases, was burnished as brightly as possible. The result, more often than not, was a frame which, because of its brilliance and intricacy, completely overwhelmed the picture in it. Prendergast, while admiring the workmanship that went into the making of such frames, thought that the pictures should be given more of a chance. Not all painters, he reasoned, are Goyas or Titians, whose pictures are strong enough to win out over any frame. He proceeded to help out the non-Goyas and non-Titians by producing the first "toned-down," "antiqued," simple, gesso frames. Prendergast's method of making a frame was similar to that of the old frame makers, but when he came to the carving he carved with restraint and when he came to the gold leaf he reversed the old process and, instead of burnishing the leaf, toned it down. He had several methods of doing this, all of which seem to have involved a considerable knowledge of alchemy.

Besides learning how to tone down a frame, Prendergast, during his years as a frame maker, also got to know nearly everything there is to know about wood carving and working in gesso. He draws upon this knowledge not only in producing his panels but in making small, gilded wooden sculptures, and the carved gesso chests that are looked upon in some quarters as his highest achievement. These chests, which are just about the size to meet the requirements of a prosperous pirate, are not intended to keep things in. He has made only three of them, one of which he refuses to part with. The two others, which sold at prices that ran into four figures, are in private collections. During his thirty-four years as an artist, Prendergast has produced four screens and a hundred and twenty-five panels. One of the screens, priced by his dealer at $1,800, has not been sold. The others, which were bought by Miss Lillie Bliss, the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, and Mrs. Laurance Rockefeller, went for considerably higher prices. Prendergast's panels have sold for from $200 to $2,500. The smallest is a twelve-by-fourteen-inch one of a bareback rider; the largest, called "Play: International House," which is forty-four by seventy-five inches, hangs in the International House on Riverside Drive. He is also represented by his panels in the Whitney Museum, the Addison Gallery of American Art, Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, the Phillips Gallery, the Barnes Foundation in Merion, Pennsylvania, the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence, and the Newark Museum. His frames are practically everywhere.

Although Prendergast has never been closer to the Orient than Venice, much of his work shows a strong Oriental influence. This influence was picked up in Boston, not generally thought of as particularly Asiatic, via the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Prendergast was born in Boston in 1869 and he lived there until 1914. He often spent hours in the Museum of Fine Arts studying its Chinese and Persian collections. The work of the Oriental miniaturists impressed Prendergast most. "My, my!" he says. "I thought it was wonderful—those little animals, those little trees, those little houses, all painted so slick and fine. I couldn't get over them." A large part of Prendergast's work abounds in pale princesses, panoplied princes, brilliant fairy-tale castles, shining angels, and bright, gay, other-worldly animals. Because of this, and the quantity of gold leaf involved, it is sometimes considered too "decorative," an adjective which, in a period rather overshadowed by the theory that the less a picture looks like anything, the better it is likely to be, is almost as harshly disparaging as "representative." On the whole, however, he has fared as well with critics as with collectors. "A unique and delightful art," Suzanne La Follette once wrote. "The world he leads us into . . . is the world of Aucassin and Nicolette, a world where almost anything might happen, except the commonplace." "He takes a leaf out of the book of the old Persian miniaturist," Royal Cortissoz has commented. "The epoch revealed is our own, the investiture given to it is from the past, yet the two hang together in a perfect decorative harmony." And Lewis Mumford, in a review of a Prendergast exhibition in 1935, said, "Each of these pictures is a fresh glimpse of Heaven, and one can no longer sneer at the notion that Heaven's streets are paved with gold. . . . These paintings are not 'mere' decoration; they are far too rich, juicy, and positive to be treated as background." Prendergast's most definite praise has come not from a critic but from an eminent fellow-artist, Henri Matisse. This patriarch of modern French art, whose opinions tend to be as emphatic as his palette, saw Prendergast's screens and panels when he was in this country in 1932. He said that of the contemporary American artists, Prendergast was the one whose work interested him most. Prendergast has his own opinion as to why Matisse felt this way. "It wasn't because my pictures were great or anything



"Oh, dear, will you put your discharge button on and run out for a couple of pounds of sugar?"

like that,” he says. “It was just because they weren’t French. Matisse came over here and saw all that French influence spread over everything, and he must have got damn sick and tired of it. He could take it in at a glance, and he knew they had done that sort of thing a damn sight better in Paris than they would ever do it here. My simple little pictures must have been a relief to him. That’s why he said what he said. He was just relieved.”

PRENDERGAST is not indifferent to Matisse’s approval or to the other recognition he has had, but he feels that his foremost distinction is that he is Maurice Prendergast’s brother. “Now, *there* was the man!” he says. Maurice Prendergast is today safely established in the front rank of American painters, along with Eakins, Ryder, and Homer, but it took him a long time to get there. He studied in Paris in the late eighteen-nineties and was considerably influenced by Cézanne before that painter was ever heard of in this country, so his paintings for many years were looked upon here as the ravings of a pigmentary wild man. Charles, who took the early difficulties of his brother harder than if they had been his own, gets a deep pleasure out of knowing that Maurice has finally arrived.

Maurice Prendergast was known to his friends and acquaintances as Mon or Monny. Charles never speaks of him so familiarly. He calls him either “my brother” or by his full name. Prendergast will talk about himself only at the point of a direct question and has condensed all the information he considers of interest into nine lines in *Who’s Who*, but he is not reticent about his brother. He always had a high opinion of him, composed in about equal parts of fraternal affection and professional respect, and his brother played as important a part in his life as he now does in his conversation. They lived together until Maurice died at the age of sixty-five. It was Maurice who gave their life its general direction, but it was Charles who saw that this direction was kept. Charles supported himself and helped support his brother during many years of poverty and obscurity in Boston, by making his frames. “If it hadn’t been for Charles,” one of their oldest friends said not long ago, “Maurice would have had to go to work or starve. Since he was wholly absorbed in painting and could interest himself in nothing else, the chances are that he would have starved.” Charles H. Sawyer, now director of the Worcester, Massachusetts, Art Museum, in a biographical sketch of Charles Prendergast written for the catalogue of a retrospective exhibition of the two brothers in 1938, stressed the way Charles submerged his own life and ambition. “It is frequently the fate of a younger brother to live unwittingly in the shadow of a brilliant and talented elder,” Sawyer wrote. “Seldom, however, do we find such an effacement of self as that of Charles Prendergast, who deliberately minimized his own work in order that his older brother Maurice might enjoy the recognition that must eventually come from a public notoriously slow to recognize the talent of its own age.”

VOYAGE

The children sang, Come look at the marvellous ocean,
The blued white water, the marble green and the gray,
Measureless meadow whose flowers unfold of motion,
And glisten, and wash away.
Always (the children cried) the circle changes!
We could play a game, as the gray hills lapse and slide;
Come try to guess—as the plains rise up to ranges—
Where we have picked to hide!

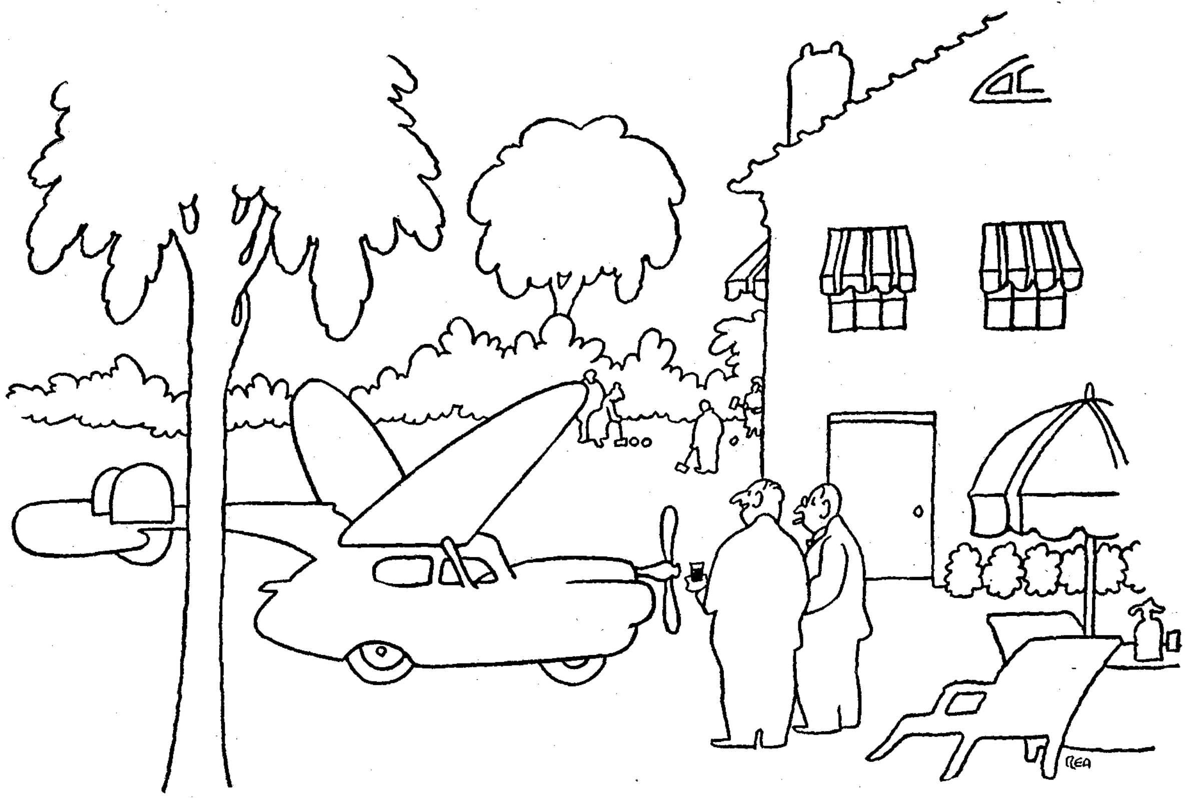
The elders said, We have seen, have seen the ocean;
The gray water; the green, the milk-white spray;
Shadow and sunlight, quietness and motion.
Now we cannot play.
This is the world, and these are its exchanges:
Whatever builds must break as the waters ride.
It is always the same, the circle. Nothing changes.
There is no place to hide.

—EDWARD WEISMILLER

• •

Charles Prendergast has never indicated that he has any sympathy with these opinions, and he gives the impression that he feels it was a great privilege to have had the pleasure of his brother’s company. “I don’t know where I would have come out if it hadn’t been for my brother,” he says. “My brother had the right idea. He knew he wanted to be an artist right from the start, and he didn’t let anything stand in his way. Me, I made a lot of mistakes. What a damn fool I was. If it hadn’t been for my brother, I might have kept right on making them. My, my—the mistakes I have made!” Prendergast speaks of his mistakes as though they might easily serve as material for a tract called “My Fifteen Years on the Bowery” or “In the Clutch of Demon Rum.” New acquaintances, having braced themselves for a recitation of dark and sombre sins, are greatly relieved to learn that the mistakes he regrets so intensely involve nothing more sinister than several years spent in the art-supply business in Boston.

From 1914 to 1924, the year Maurice died, the two Prendergasts lived in New York, on the top floor of a three-story house at 50 Washington Square. It was during these years that Charles got launched on his career as an artist. Since poverty in New York is much the same as poverty in Boston, he had to keep on making frames, but in his first three years in the city he found the time to make more than a dozen panels. He worked on them in the morning and, after lunch and a rest, made frames until nine or ten at night. His friends were enthusiastic about his panels, but most of them, being artists, could not afford to become purchasers. It wasn’t until he began to exhibit the panels, in small shows, along with the work of his brother, that he sold anything. And it wasn’t until Miss Lillie Bliss, John Quinn, Dr. Albert Barnes, and other collectors began to add his work to their private art galleries that he felt he could give up frame making and depend on his art for a living. (He kept his tools sharp, however, just in case, and they are still sharp today.) After he had been in New York six years, he was asking as much as a thousand dollars for a single panel and, rather to his own surprise, getting it.



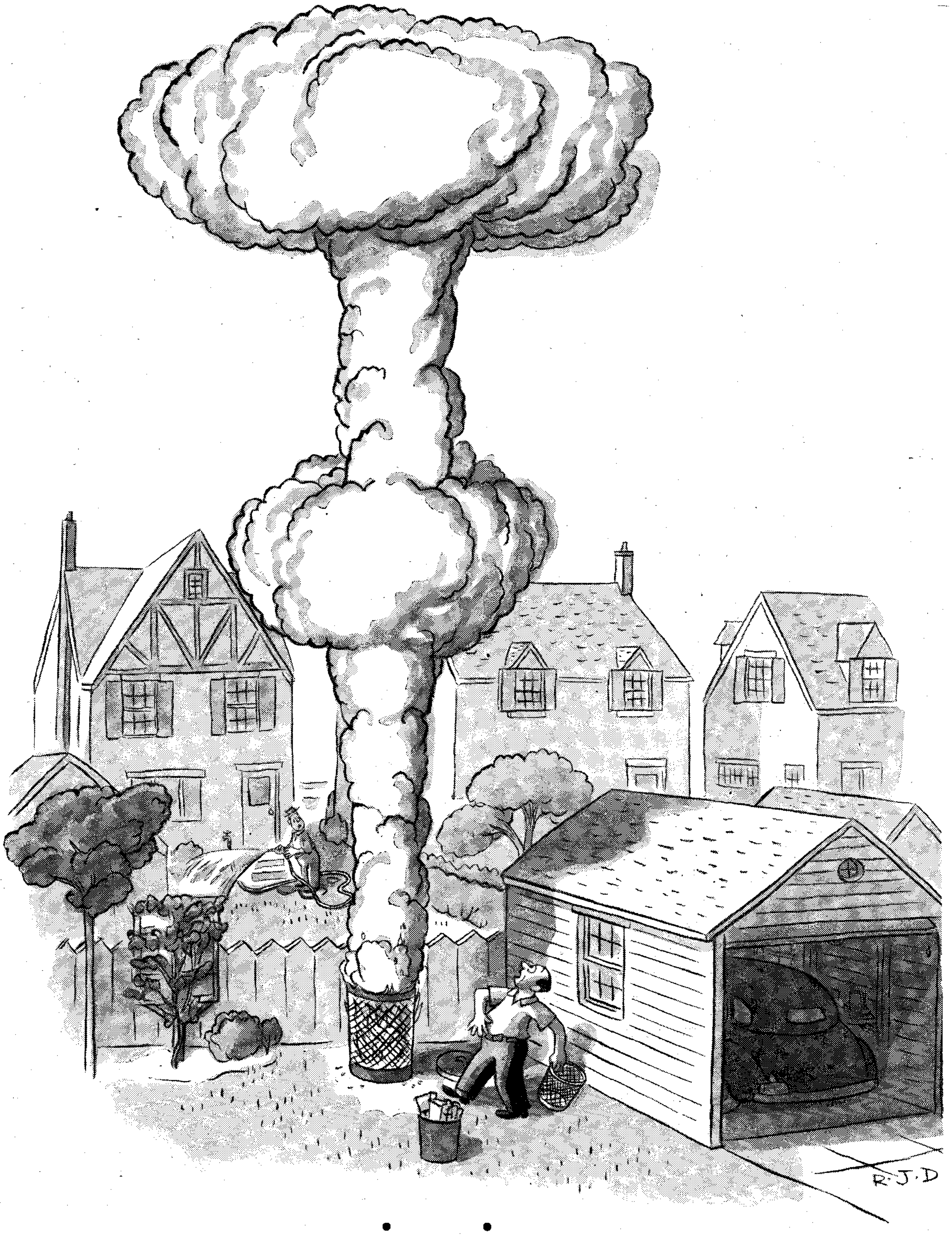
“It’s the airplane’s answer to the automobile industry, or the automobile industry’s answer to the airplane—I forget which.”

The death of his brother, when they had lived here ten years, was more than a shock to Charles; it was as if a part of his own life had suddenly dropped away. “I don’t know how I managed when it happened,” he says. “I didn’t think I could get through it.” He stayed in New York for almost a year, unmoored and disconsolate, and then, in 1925, went to France with some friends. There he met and married Eugénie Van Kemmel, a dignified, gray-haired Frenchwoman whose slightly accented English has been enlivened by the Yankeeisms she has picked up from her husband. Mrs. Prendergast, who calls her husband “Prendy,” is an expert worker in petit point (which takes on the texture of tapestry under her needle), but, like her husband, she rarely talks about her own achievements. “All I do,” she says, “is make those little French cakes called *madeleines* for Prendy.” Prendergast brought her to this country in 1926 and soon acquired the house in Connecticut in which they still live. Their home is a pleasant, unpretentious one, standing off a dirt road in a tangle of bushes and trees, with a garden behind it. In it, except for two trips abroad, in 1927 and 1929, and a few lesser excursions, the entire history of Prendergast’s last twenty years is contained. He has not purposely sought seclusion, and he is not indifferent to the pleasures of a social life. He and his wife see their neighborhood friends, as well as friends from New York who visit them, and they also go to the movies. (His taste runs to big-scale musicals.) On the whole, however, he prefers to keep to a way of life that in less frenetic times was a matter of course for an artist. “All sorts of things are involved in art;” he says. “Especially peace and quiet. An artist’s work is all he has. If he hasn’t got that, he might as well be dead. An artist’s place is in his studio.”

Prendergast’s studio is the most important room in his house. It is big enough to put the average two-room New York apartment into, with a large, high window that lets in more light in a day than some city apartments see in a year. It looks like a carpenter’s shop and art dealer’s storage room hastily combined. There are racks, in which Prendergast keeps the handful of paintings and water colors by his brother that have not yet been sold, a few frames, and a number of large portfolios of his own drawings and sketches, along with those of his brother. Against the racks, several of his frames are casually stacked. The air of the studio is hung with a resinous smell of wood, mixed with the fainter smells of such materials of his trade as alcohol, sizing, glue, turpentine, and pigments, and with the dusty odor of old paper. His work table, a long, sturdy piece of furniture that comes up to his chest, stands beneath the window. In front of the table there is an old, high-legged bookkeeper’s stool. When he is working, he keeps to a regular schedule. He has breakfast at eight, is in his studio a half hour later, works until one, and then, after lunch, works until the light begins to fade. His work table is always bare when he starts off in the morning, for he always finishes up by putting it in order. By the end of the day, however, it is strewn with a large percentage of the contents of his studio. Late one recent afternoon, a visitor noticed the following items on it: one piece of old upholstery; three sketchbooks; four empty tin cans; one tin can half full of gesso, with a two-inch house-painter’s brush in it; a small wooden figure of a sailor—wearing the 1812 uniform of the Navy—that had been a weathervane; two boxes of water colors; one cigar box (Blackstone) filled with tubes of pigment; one carpenter’s rule; one vise; one carpenter’s hammer; one worn eraser; one jack knife; one bottle of ink, with pen; one bottle of mucilage; one screw driver; and one carved gesso figure of a porpoise, seven inches long and one and a half inches high, that Prendergast was at the time working on. Beneath the table stood a good-sized cardboard carton containing about forty carving tools, and on a bookshelf close by was a small paper bag of slaked lime, two bags of dry glue, various boxes, bottles, and other containers, and several books of gold leaf.

All this, and much more, comes into

use when Prendergast is making a panel. The amount of time he spends on one depends, understandably, largely on its size. His bigger ones, such as the one in the International House, may take him as long as a year; his less ambitious projects take him from two to six months. The making of a panel begins with the preparation of rough sketches. Sometimes these are done in pencil, at other times in red crayon, in charcoal, or in water color. Prendergast, who went to Florida last winter for his health, came back with fifteen water-color sketches which were to serve as the basis for a panel. All but one of them were of Negroes—at work, at ease, and at play. The exception was a bright, splashy impression of two roosters, set to gaff each other. "There is a lot of character in those Negroes," Prendergast says. "They have more character, from an artist's point of view, than a white man. The men dress in such a manly way—in real, pure colors. And what material for a sculptor, especially their faces, men and women both! The colors of the women's clothes are wonderful. I got all excited over those Negroes. I even got excited by their roosters."



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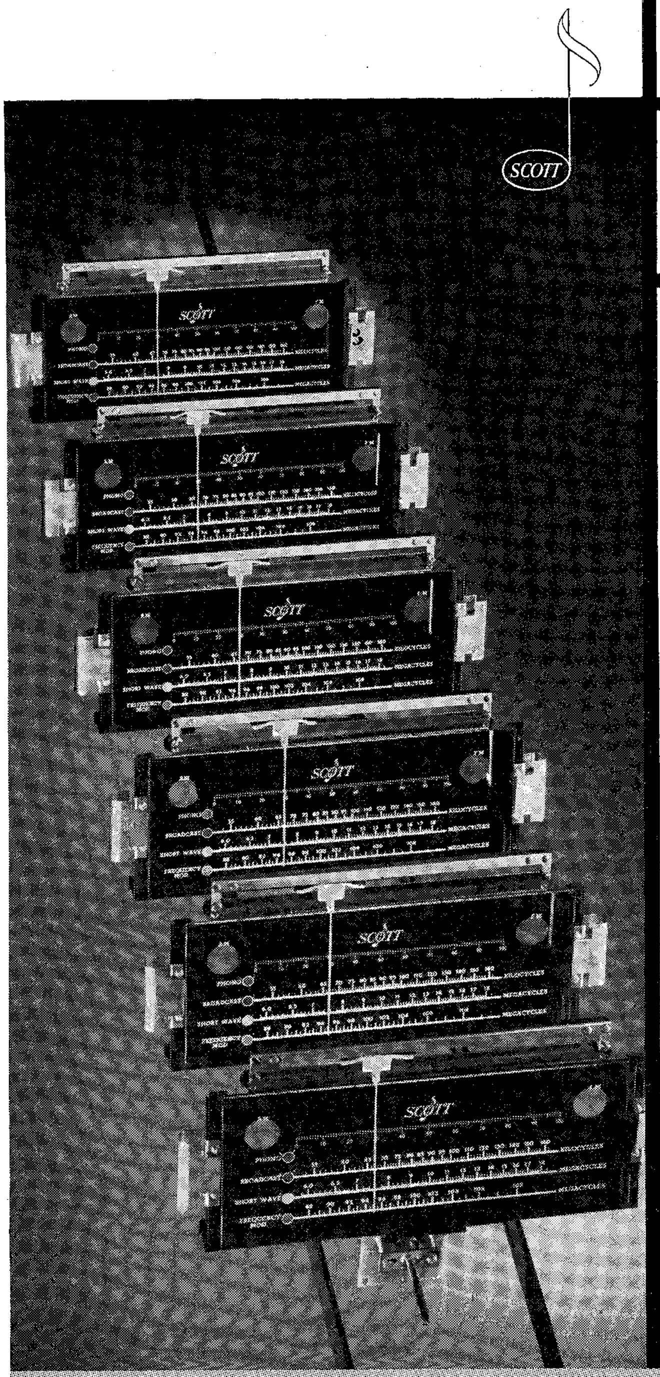
Of the many steps involved in the elaborate task of executing a panel, the most delicate and dramatic is the last—the application of the gold leaf. After tracing the picture on the gesso, softening the gesso by dipping a brush in water and moistening the surface, incising it (most probably using a tool he made out of an old buttonhook twenty-five years ago), and painting whatever parts of it call for paint, he is ready to tackle the gold leaf. When the time for this comes, the atmosphere in the studio grows tense. The gold leaf Prendergast uses, which is sold in flat sheets, three and one-half by four inches, of eight- or ten-carat gold, is put up in twenty-five-page books, made of heavy black paper such as kindergarten children use to draw on, one sheet of gold leaf between each two pages. Few things look as innocent as these sheets of gold leaf, and few things can play more tricks on a man. Before a sheet of gold leaf is applied to whatever an artist is working on, it must be removed from the book and placed on what is called a gilder's cushion. Prendergast's cushion is a small, chamois-covered board, six by five inches. The natural impulse is to pick up the gold leaf with thumb and forefinger and lay it on the cushion. Anyone following this natural impulse, however, will find his fingers instantly coated with a mess of crinkly, clinging gold that has to be blown or pulled off and is no longer usable. Even now, Prendergast approaches a sheet of gold leaf with some caution, but, being used to its treachery, he never gets into any serious trouble with it. He opens a book of gold leaf, holds it between his mouth and the cushion, purses his lips, and emits a slight puff. The sheet of gold leaf rises from its page and falls, twist-



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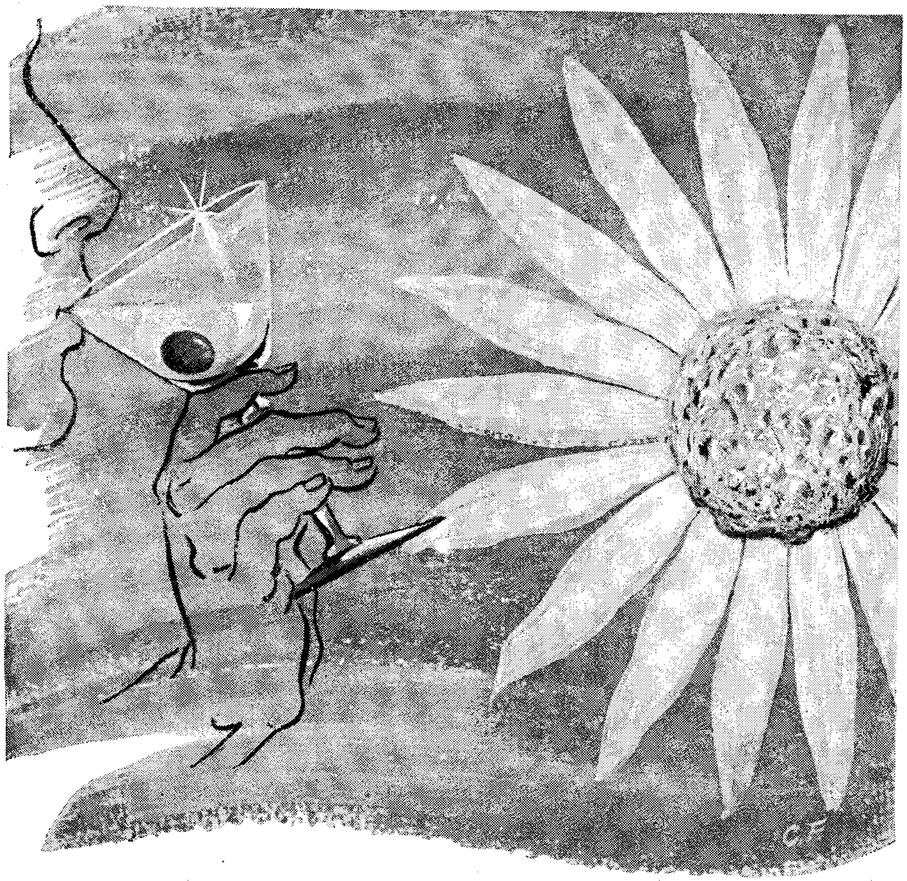

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ing and turning in the air like a piece of half-solidified sunlight, to the cushion. Not flat, though. Prendergast warily takes up his gilder's knife, which looks like a table knife, only bigger, and with it lifts the gold leaf. Then he suddenly jerks the knife from under the gold leaf, as if he were taking it by surprise, and emits another puff. This second puff finishes the gold leaf—for the time being, at least. It lies flat on the cushion. Now, holding his breath, he picks up his knife with his right hand, slices a piece of gold leaf from the sheet, and deftly lifts it from the cushion with the blade. Then, with his left hand, he reaches for a brush—or what the gilding trade calls a tip—made of a layer of camel's hair glued between two layers of cardboard that form a handle. Keeping one eye on the bit of gold leaf trembling on the knife blade, he runs the hair of the tip across his own hair, then gingerly picks up the bit of gold leaf from the knife blade with the tip, and transfers it to the gesso. The natural oils of the hair, gilders have discovered, tend to make the gold leaf cling to the tip, and this facilitates handling. Prendergast's strange and ambidextrous performance, which most nearly resembles that of a harried man simultaneously slicing bread and brushing his hair, is repeated over and over again. By the time he emerges from a session with the gold leaf, his hair, which he generally keeps carefully combed, is down over his forehead in bangs. It goes to show, as he says, that all sorts of things are involved in art.

—HAMILTON BASSO

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Prendergast.*)

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Miss Ruth Arden, of mention above, is she all noticed in social acts yesterday by noon in hall of doubles at Hotel Nacional. You could take her blue eyes, ears, nose and throat separately or together as if for the especialist to pronounce them perfect, so for her brown hair and fair complexion, or the mouth with that natural and even dental set of firm pieces, neat and in white as she talks or moves her lips for a smile. She said she loves Cuba. And Cubans will instinctively adore her in return, so for one, when not for all.—*Arturo Suarez in the Havana Post.*

We'll take the blue nose separately.

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Great Gatsby," by F. Scott Fitzgerald*]

Upstairs, in the solemn echoing drive she let four taxicabs drive away before she selected a new one, lavender colored with grey upholstery.

I'VE BEEN THROUGH IT BEFORE

MARK DAVIS glanced at his wristwatch as he pushed the bell of Harry Warren's apartment in the Village, and was dismayed to find that it was only two-twenty-five. He had come all the way down from Washington Heights to a shabby building on West Forty-third Street, where he had stood in line to sign the voucher for his twenty-dollar Veterans' Readjustment Allowance, had bumped into Everett Sommers as he was leaving, and had waited while Everett signed *his* voucher; then the two of them had walked down to see Harry. And now, still stretching ahead of them, was most of that deadliest part of an idle afternoon, from two to five, when the sun sinks too slowly and conversation drags to a stop.

When Harry opened the door he was in his undershirt and had a damp dish towel in his hand, and he continued to hold it, twirling it and flicking it, as the three men sat talking in the living room. Talk was fairly brisk for half an hour or so, and then there were long pauses. At last, Harry said, "Sorry we haven't anything in the house to offer you guys."

Mark shook his head. "It's too early for liquor anyhow," he said.

"I could make some coffee if you don't mind it without cream," Harry went on. "We're all out of cream, I just discovered. Janet leaves so early she can't shop, and I never know what the hell to get."

Everett stood up and stretched. "What do you say we go down to Sheridan Square for some coffee? That's what Mark and I planned to do."

Harry tossed the dish towel through the kitchen doorway and watched it land with a damp plop on top of the stove. "Good deal," he said. He reached for a limp shirt that hung on the back of a chair, over a jacket that had the inevitable button in its lapel.

THE three men were just settling at a table with coffees and Danish pastry when a fourth, carrying cake and a cup of coffee, came up to Mark. "Is this a private party, or can I join you?" he asked.

Mark looked puzzled for a moment, then grinned. "Well, what do you know," he said. "A guy from my outfit."

The newcomer sat down and put his newspaper on a ledge alongside the table. He looked considerably older than the others. "I kind of thought you wouldn't remember me. Your name's Davis, isn't it?"

Mark nodded.

"Mine's Ross. Didn't remember that, did you?"

Mark agreed that he didn't.

"Oh, well," said Ross, "it's good to see a familiar face anyhow. How's the outside world treating you? You working?"

Mark shook his head.

Ross grinned. "Fifty-two Twenty Club, eh?" He shrugged. "Who isn't, nowadays? These guys, too?"

Mark nodded. "By the way, this is Everett Sommers and Harry Warren," he said. "This is Mr. Ross."

"Al Ross. Glad to know you."

Harry and Everett both nodded.

"Well, it's something, anyhow," said Ross. "Where'd we be without our little checks, eh?"

"I hate to think about it," said Everett.

Harry reached for Ross's newspaper. "Mind if I glance through this? Have to see what's around."

"Read 'em out loud," said Mark. "Maybe the rest of us will find something. Can't live on twenty a week forever."

"Aren't you married?" asked Ross.

"Sure."

"Isn't your wife working?"

Mark nodded.

"Well, that makes it a little better," said Ross. "I mean, that stretches the twenty some, doesn't it?"

Harry was lighting a cigarette. "It's not much fun," he said.

"I know what it's like," Ross said cheerfully. "I'm in the same spot. My wife's working, too, and I'm collecting from Uncle Sam." He shrugged. "It's no floor show, but it isn't so awful."

Everett made a face.

"You'll get used to it," continued Ross, with a broad gesture. "I'm a little older than you fellows. I've been through this once before—back in the depression, when you were kids. As a

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matter of fact, this all gives me a funny feeling, like I've been through the i-den-ti-cal thing once before."

Harry was deep in the want ads. "Here's an agency that seems to have some good things. Executive secretary to export manager, five-day week, sixty bucks. Anybody here type?"

"I wouldn't bother with it," said Ross. "You'll get the same old line. Experience—that's where they've got you. You go up there and the guy says to you you've got to have experience. You say you've got experience." He shook his head wisely. " 'But,' the guy says to you, 'have you ever been executive secretary to any *other* export managers—that is, in the past half hour? And what have you been doing with yourself the last three years, anyhow?' "

"I was executive secretary to the Post Conservation Officer for about two months," Mark said.

"No good," said Ross. "He wasn't in the export business on the side, was he? No? Tough. No dice. We want experienced guys. I tell you this is just like the old days—exactly. The only difference is now we're getting our twenty a week. For fifty-two weeks. What happens after that . . ." He shrugged.

"Things'll pick up in a year," Mark said.

"Don't make any bets," Ross said with a sweep of his hand. "What I meant that this is like the old days is sitting here in this cafeteria with a bunch of guys who are out of a job. It feels familiar. It carries me back. What's playing at the movies—'My Man Godfrey'? I expect to see a guy come through that door"—Ross was so intense, and pointed so dramatically, that the three others turned to see—"carrying a petition about lifting the embargo on Spain. Or sanctions on Mussolini for what he's doing in Ethiopia. Or stop selling scrap iron to Japan. Or help China. Or save the Federal Theatre. Jesus, I've been through it before, and I'm going through it now, and it looks like I'm going to spend my whole life going through it. With spells in the Army to break up the monotony."

"Or break *you*," said Mark sourly. "What else is there, Harry?"

"Lots of clerks. About thirty bucks," Harry said, looking at the paper again.

"The hell with that. Anything pay any money?"

"Fancy jobs. Then trainees, trainees, trainees, and more trainees. Twenty-three hundred up."

"You have to be single," said Ross. "They ship you to Zonga Zonga and you learn the coconut business."

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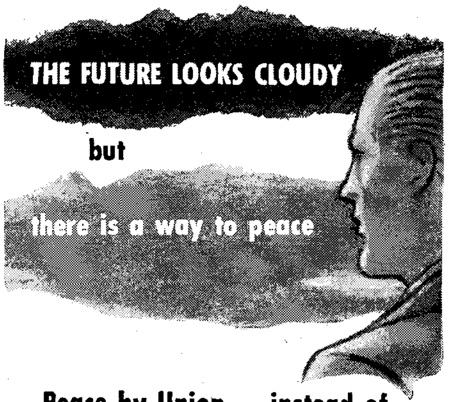

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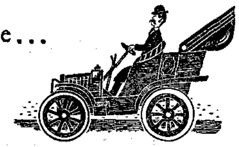

MOTION PICTURE

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"Comptometer operators. Elliott-Fisher operators," Harry went on. "Anybody know how to work an Elliott-Fisher?"

"I took elementary Elliott in my junior year," Mark said, "but I never could get as far as Fisher. Now I wish I had learned a trade."

Ross made a deprecating gesture. "Things are tough all over. Everywhere you go. What do you do, Harry?"

Harry looked up. "I was an actor," he said. "But I'm giving it up in favor of regular meals—if any."

Ross grinned broadly. "Hell, then you ought to be used to this."

Harry made a face. "It's not exactly habit-forming," he said.

"I've seen guys get used to it," said Ross. "It just breaks them down. Like rum-dum. No good for anything after a while. Too much of this." He swept his hand around in a gesture that took in the entire cafeteria. "You'll see it, too. This is only the beginning of this stretch. There'll be plenty of time."

Ross went to the counter to get himself a second cup of coffee. While he was away, the others looked around the cafeteria. A good many of the tables, they noticed, were occupied by men of their own age, drinking coffee, reading newspapers.

"Looks like our Service Club," said Harry. "The Ex-Service Club."

"We had an M.P. in ours to keep out guys in fatigues," said Mark.

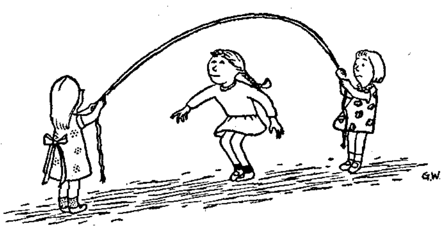
Ross came back, carrying the cup of coffee and two napkins. "Anybody else want anything?" he asked, sitting down. He folded one of the napkins and put it between the cup and saucer, where it soaked up the coffee that had spilled as he was carrying it. "Keeps it from dripping," he explained. "An old cafeteria stunt. I learned it during my first hitch at Stewart's."

Harry turned to the apartments section of the paper and read several of the ads aloud. "Not a damn thing we could ever afford," he announced.

"What do you look there for?" asked Everett. "You've got an apartment."

"Force of habit. Just want to see what's around."

Mark shook his head. "What a snafu," he said. "We're living with my



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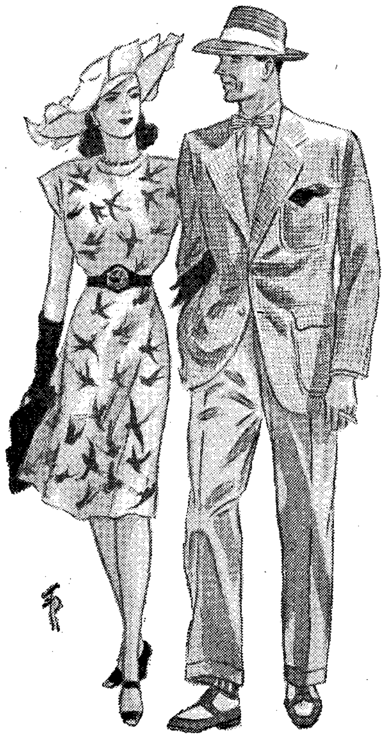

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folks, Carrie's bringing home the pay checks, and here I am in a cafeteria at three in the afternoon, drinking coffee." He shook his head again.

"Same with me and Evelyn," said Everett. "Same thing exactly, except that we're with her folks."

"We're with my wife's sister," said Ross. "Her husband's still overseas, so it isn't so bad. And both the girls work, so . . ." He shrugged.

Harry turned to page one and began reading a story about the world food situation.

"Listen to this," he said. " 'Herbert Hoover, in a speech before—' "

Ross let out a yelp of laughter. "Judas Priest!" he cried. "Does that sound funny! That carries me back fifteen years. I'm sitting around broke in a cafeteria with three guys at three o'clock in the afternoon and a guy looks at the paper and says Herbert Hoover made a speech! Judas Priest!"

—MERWIN DEMBLING

•

SKY MIRROR MEADOW

My species, only lately
upright on the earth,
still looks mostly downward
in all its going forth.

To touch at two points only
the surface of a planet
makes the climber careful
to keep a foothold on it.

But here, above the forests,
the clear lakes lie
brimming to their edges
with what happens in the sky.

All day the clouds beneath us
move and change and meet;
by night we sense in sleeping
constellations at our feet.

—EDITH HENRICH

•

Remove the old cover from the back of the back, then cover the front of the back, starting at the bottom, working from the center to each end, then tack the top of the front of the back, starting at the center and working toward each end shaping it as you go along, then tack the ends. Now tack on the top of the back starting at the center of the top, then finish by tacking the bottom ends. . . .

Your lawn swing should now be covered and we hope you have enjoyed doing it, and that you are pleased with the cover and with your work.—*Instructions for re-covering a lawn swing.*

Suppose we told you we hated every minute of it?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE COMMUNIZATION OF CROW VILLAGE

CROW VILLAGE is in Communist-held territory in China. It is a few miles southwest of Kalgan, in the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Border Region, in northeast China. The Communists took it over last August, just after the Japanese surrender. I recently spent a few days there and had an unhampered, leisurely chance to see what is going on. None of the inquiries I made in Crow Village were supervised by Communists. The freedom with which I was permitted to poke around has made me think that the Russians, who are older at their game than the Chinese Communists, have a little to learn from their younger comrades about that bourgeois but not altogether useless pastime known to us as public relations. I was able, in the first place, to pick any Communist-held village I liked and go to it at once. In the village, I was able to visit any house I chose, without benefit of a conducting officer, and ask any question I wanted to. I can speak a little Chinese, but for this job I brought with me from Peiping a young Chinese sociologist, a member of the middle-of-the-road Democratic League, as interpreter. I asked the members of the Communist "cadre" in the village a number of questions, then checked their answers by asking the same questions of villagers on whom I called unannounced.

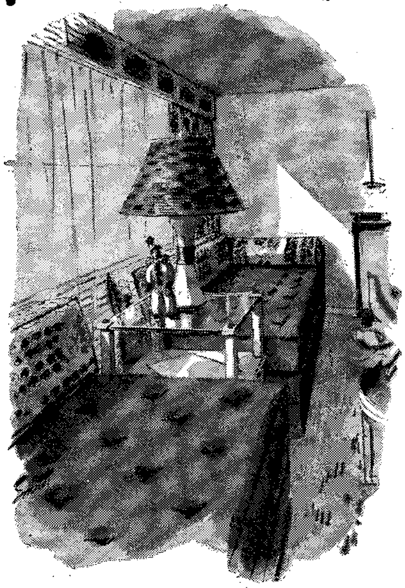
Crow Village, or Laoyachwang, inhabited for the most part by farmers and landlords, some of whom farm the land, too, lies in a broad valley rimmed to the northward by a semicircle of bleak, rocky, brown mountains. On the nearest of them is an ancient fort, which was put to some not-so-ancient uses by the Japs. The view of the valley from the crenellated tower in the middle of the town was excellent: miles and miles of dun fields, mostly diked for irrigation, with an occasional bright green rectangle of early wheat; clumps of huge elms and willows, sharp-edged and brilliant against the dry, sunburnt soil, and under them inviting islands of shade; men at work here and there, harrowing behind black oxen and gray donkeys, or trimming the tiny dikes with spades. The village is a tight, Cubistic patchwork of brown and blue-gray—dirt courtyards, farmers' houses of mud and straw, a few temples and landlords' houses of brick and tile. Crow Village has about a hundred and fifty houses, in which four hundred families live—some two thousand people altogether.

Along with eleven other villages, Crow Village was placed by the Communists in the Eighth District of the Kalgan *hsien*, or municipal area. The first visitation of Communists to Crow Village came in the form of the District cadre—a dozen men trained as organizers in older Communist regions. They were dressed either in blue cotton uniforms or in the characteristic clothes of Old Hundred Names, as the Chinese call their poor people. The cadre at once set up a farmers' union and a labor union, drawing mostly on younger farmers and "small buy-sell men," or itinerant venders, for membership. In a number of meetings of these unions, the cadre planned its first major operation, the campaign known as Clearing the Accounts. One afternoon a few days later, everyone in the village was told to assemble in the courtyard of the largest temple. The landlords had a fair idea of what was coming, but they all showed up. A cadre member presided over the meeting. He announced that the purpose of the assembly was to reckon all the wrongs committed in recent years by the landlords and to assess levies in payment for those misdeeds. This announcement went over extremely well, of course, with Old Hundred Names, who began to sing out accusations. A former farm coolie and vegetable hawker named Chang, who was particularly vocal throughout the session, was the first to speak. He shouted that when the Japanese had laid a labor assessment on the village (they had required as much as twenty days a month of every able-

ROOM
TAILOR

"Irving! Use the soap!"

MODERN



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bodied man, for the construction of public works), the landlords had not gone but had sent their tenants instead. All through the meeting, Chang, though he had never been a tenant farmer himself, thought of other grievances.

The men against whom the villagers had grudges were Crow Village's nine big landlords and former Japanese puppets, mostly from the rich Hsi and Yang clans. A fair degree of mob excitement showed itself after a while, but the cadre kept the meeting in hand. The complaints boiled down to three: the labor-dodging that Chang had mentioned; the landlords' habit of passing on the heavy taxes and the electric-power costs on the radios they owned to the village as a whole; and the construction, at the community's expense, of a kind of fortified bedroom in the crenellated tower, to which the nine landlords retired on nights when bandits were around, while the farmers stayed up to patrol the town. By popular demand, the landlords were fined, altogether, fourteen million Japanese puppet dollars—then worth about $3,500—for these malpractices. This may not sound like much by American standards, but for the nine landlords of Crow Village it was bad news. The chairman of the meeting asked when the sum should be paid, and the crowd shouted, "In five days! . . . Three days! . . . Tomorrow!"

The chairman then named a committee for further consideration of the account-clearing and proposed that the assemblage elect, from among Old Hundred Names, a new village head. The community had had the same headman—one of the nine landlords—for twenty years, and for the past eight he had been extremely friendly with the Japanese. Chang, mainly because he had made himself so audible in the account-clearing session, was elected, by voice vote. I suspect that the cadre—and the village—has since come to regret this choice, for Chang, despite his shouting that day, is no leader. He is a symbol, perhaps, of turnover, but he has no conspicuous abilities.

The account-clearing committee met the next day, reduced the assessment to three million Japanese puppet dollars, and gave the landlords two weeks to pay. All of them paid up on time, and the money was doled out to the villagers.

NEXT came the most important item on the Communists' whole program—the reduction of rents. For many years, both before the war and under the Japanese, the average rent for land was fifty per cent of the crop it produced. The Communists reduced the rents a flat twenty-five per cent of the amount previously charged, and, depending on how oppressive they considered that a particular landlord had been, they also made the reduction retroactive for anywhere between one and six years—mostly two. This meant that the landlords had to hurry around and buy millet or sorghum or corn equal to a quarter of the rent they had received for a year or more and give it to their tenants.

Farmers' taxes in China are also paid in kind, usually shortly after the harvest. The Communists had about a month before harvest time in which to make their assessments. Under the Japanese, the tax rate had been sixty kilograms of millet per *mow* (about a quarter of an acre) and it did not matter whether the land was irrigable or dry or how much or how little land the farmer owned. The Communists introduced what they called the Reasonable-Burden Tax. One afternoon in Kalgan, I spent nearly an hour watching the chairman of the Border Region Government, who would correspond roughly to an American state governor, try to figure out an assessment for my benefit. He failed, and I can't say I blame him. The tax is on a sliding scale, like our own income tax. It is, however, complicated by a point system which indicates any tax-paying family's "wealth" on the basis of its size, the quantity and quality of its land, the number of animals it owns, and its indebtedness. There are different rates for irrigated "water land," low-lying "mud land," and "dry land." There are also different rates for land that is worked by the owner, rented from someone else and farmed, and rented out to farm. The various kinds of produce—sorghum, corn, wheat, beans, oats, potatoes—all have to be translated into *piculs* of threshed millet, and the measure known as the *picul* varies in weight according to the commodity. A food allowance of fifteen *piculs* of millet for each person in a family is tax-exempt. It was interesting later to find that the man who had been elected accountant of Crow Village, an extremely clever ex-merchant, not only understood the Reasonable-Burden Tax but was able, with a few clicks of his abacus, to calculate how much tax each of the villagers should pay. In general, the most a small farmer (thirty *mow* or less) had to pay was about seven per cent of his crop, while a big landlord had to pay up to fifty per cent of his.

The agricultural program the Communists have undertaken in Crow Village is not particularly radical, but it seemed quite impressive to me, as I had spent a lot of time in a comparable village in Central Government territory, where the Kuomintang was doing nothing to improve farming methods or to educate the farmers, who still controlled pests by literally kowtowing to their ancestors, timed their plowing and planting by a superstition-filled almanac called *The Yellow Calendar*, and put more faith in Chinese geomancy than in fertilizers. In the Kuomintang village, the only contact the farmers had with their government was the payment, every few days, of levies—straw, wood, corn, money, materials for fortifications, labor. The agricultural program for Crow Village, though limited, is at least a program. Four things are being done. First of all, the exchange of labor and tools, which Chinese farmers have long been obliged by circumstances to practice haphazardly anyway, is being organized in a fairly scientific way. A family with four energetic men but no animals and another with an aged family head, two women, and a donkey exchange their surpluses at a rate the cadre has set: one day's donkey power equals one and a half day's manpower. The use of implements, such as water wheels, can be swapped for specialized labor, such as help in sowing seed. Second, the farmers are being persuaded to improve their irrigation facilities. Third, the cadre has been educating the farmers in methods of cultivation. One farmer told me he had just learned that although millet and potatoes are harder to raise than corn, these crops are much more profitable. The cadre has told the villagers that the control of locusts, rice worms, and grubs is something they should not leave to their ancestors' spirits. A solution of lime and nicotinic acid, which the peasants call "white water," has been distributed, and the cadre hopes soon to get some arsenic trioxide. Since there is not enough white water to go around, big teams of children have been organized to go out into the fields and pick pests off the plants and dig them up out of the ground. Fourth, there has been some effort to induce the farmers to select their seed with more care and to use new and improved varieties. Small amounts of two kinds of seed for a drought-resistant millet developed at the Yenching University agricultural laboratory in Peiping have been handed out.

In the village in Kuomintang terri-

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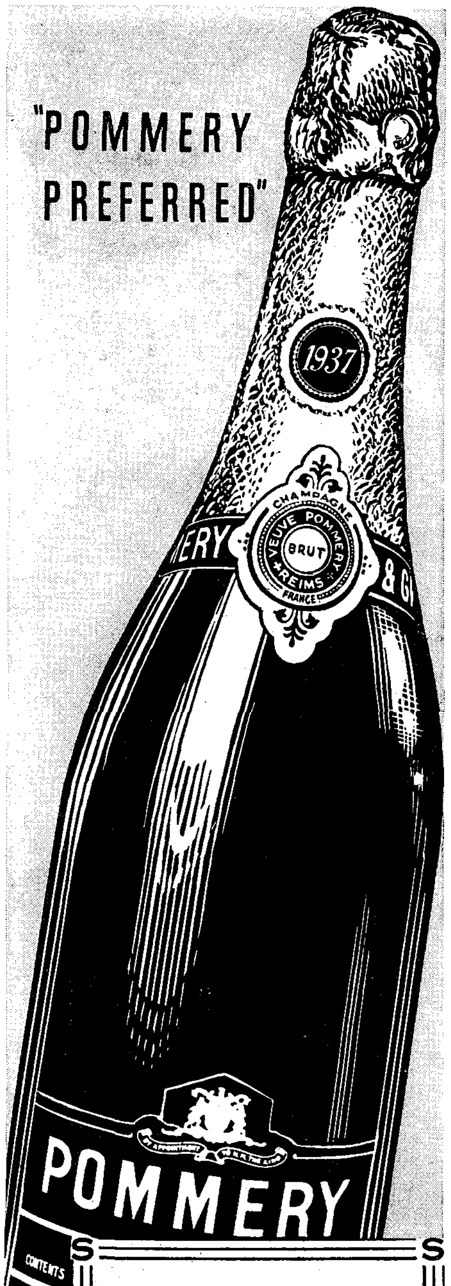

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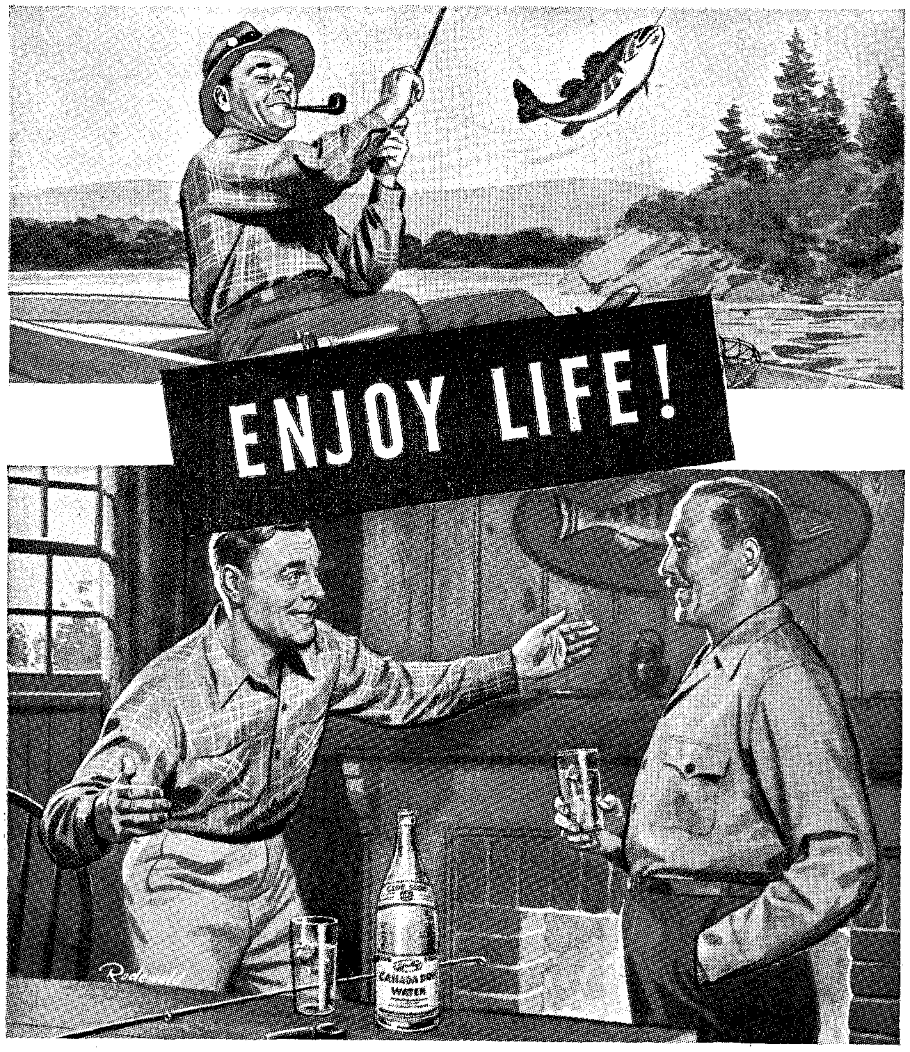
tory, I had visited the school and watched the children studying by the traditional methods—memorizing passages from "The Trimetrical Classic," "Great Learning," "The Analects of Confucius," and other classics, and howling them as fast and as loudly as possible, with no understanding at all of the meaning. In Crow Village, the children are studying the Chinese language, mathematics, natural science, geography, and history. Their textbooks are angled, of course. For instance, Chapter Four of the history textbook starts out: "About three thousand years ago there was a kingdom named Shang. In that dynasty nothing was done by the Emperor and the ruling class. All the work was done by slaves. They tilled the soil, fed silkworms, spun fabrics, and made wine. In spite of their doing so much work, the ruling class treated them like animals." And page 49 of the primer gives as sample text: "General Chu Teh is Commander-in-Chief of the Eighth Route Army. In order to save China, he and General Mao underwent all kinds of difficulties and marched eight thousand miles from Kiangsi to Northwest China to start the anti-Japanese war. . . ." But the pupils are learning a lot of practical things as well. The adults of Crow Village are going to a kind of night school. The farmers attend in relays. They listen to lectures on such topics as cultivation, sanitation, and the exchange of labor. As a result of what they have learned in school about cleanliness, the residents are now sweeping the dirt streets—a tremendous innovation for a Chinese village. And the village illiterates, who are in the majority, can now study reading and writing.

AFTER a little less than a year under the new regime, the people of Crow Village understand clearly enough what they have gained in a material way, but their grasp of the political change is slight. A fairly representative reaction to the Communism of Crow Village was expressed to me by a farmer named Wang, who said, "They gave me back thirty *piculs* of red and yellow [sorghum and millet] and reduced the rent on my water land from twelve *piculs* a *mow* to eight. I buy and sell vegetables on the side. To do that under the Japanese, you had to register with the police and pay a fee; now you don't. Under the Japanese, you had to join the Youth Corps and be trained. After heavy work, you had to go and drill, and if you didn't, you were beaten. Also, you had to take part in the patrolling team at night. The Japanese Army made you go off to work on fortifications. If you got there late, they sent out dogs to bite you and they hit you with metal rods. They killed two farmers that way. That is all finished. Sometimes the Eighth Route asks you to work, but they don't beat and curse you, and if you are busy in the fields, they let you postpone your work for them. Last year, I ate corn, which is no good. This year, I eat millet and oats." However, to questions I asked Mr. Wang about elections, the rent reductions, and the exchange of labor, he gave me only a blank look. His face brightened when I asked him what he had done on the day of the Festival of Clear Brightness, which is devoted to ancestor worship. "I took some food and cakes and wine out to the graves," he said, "and kowtowed, and then I put new earth on the graves." Traditional inscriptions are pasted on the doors of his bedroom and on the drawers of his chests: "In the autumn the laurel blossoms. In the spring the plum tree blossoms. . . . Ten thousand pieces of gold." But the Communists have begun to indoctrinate Mr. Wang. On the lintel of an outside door is another inscription, on the same kind of paper: "Liberty—Independence." And someone had written on a wooden shutter in chalk, "Under the democratic system, lower officials will obey higher officials and the minority will obey the majority."

The landlords understand what is happening all too well, and naturally they have been doing everything they can to at least retard the process. One member of the Hsi clan is typical. He is an exceptionally tall man, in the front of whose mouth is a big gold tooth. His house has twelve rooms, and in his bedroom are huge chests with highly polished brass locks and hinges and all sorts of decorative knickknacks. "I am not very well informed on politics, or particularly interested," he said the other day, as he poured my sociologist friend and me some jasmine tea. "I don't feel that things are any better or any worse now than they were under the Japanese. Things are just going along." This, it turned out, was only a modest and understated preamble. He went on to make some remarks which showed that he was very well up on politics and that he thought conditions were quite a bit worse. The major calamity, of course, was that he was gradually losing his land. A hundred and thirty of his three hundred *mow* had gone last year, probably more would go later this year. All the landlords were having the same trouble. Mr. Hsi was not without hope, however. He had not sold his land but had mortgaged it under a peculiar Chinese arrangement called *tien*. Some of the small farmers of the village had given him a lump sum—three thousand local dollars, say, for each *mow*—for which they have the use of the land for three years. If, at the end of this period, Hsi can pay back the money, the land will revert to him; if he cannot, the tenants will keep it. Despite this risk, Hsi and the other landlords like the system because they do not have to pay the Reasonable-Burden Tax, which they would have to do if they just rented out the land, and they hope that by the time the *tien* has matured, the Communists will be thrown out and they can get the land back regardless. Mr. Hsi also told me about trying to make some side deals with his tenants to kick back part of their rent reductions, no doubt hinting to them that the Communists might not be in Crow Village forever. He did not say whether he had succeeded or not.

All in all, Mr. Hsi is not badly off. One of the things about Crow Village that surprised me most, in fact, was that the landlords are still very comfortable; the gap between their standard of living and that of some of the poorer peasants is still wide indeed. It is, however, getting narrower. The Communists make much of the fact that they do not confiscate the landlords' property, that they merely reduce rents. This is not just propaganda for foreign consumption. One big thing the Communists have to contend with is the basic conservatism of Chinese farmers, even the poorest ones, to whom the ownership of land is sacred. A redistribution of land in China could not be violent and succeed. The three main Communist economic devices for achieving a redistribution—Clearing the Accounts, rent reduction, and the sliding-scale tax—accomplish the job without violence and without anyone's seeing quite how it works. Like Mr. Hsi, the other landlords have had to get rid of land in order to clear their accounts. They now receive much less rent than they used to, and when tax time comes around this year, they will have to lease some more land to pay up. On the other hand, almost every small farmer I talked with had picked up between two and ten *mow* of land this year. And so, although it may be more comforting to speak of the Chinese Communists as simply agrarian reformers, I think it is a mistake. They are Communists, all right. Like all Chinese, they work slowly, patiently, and



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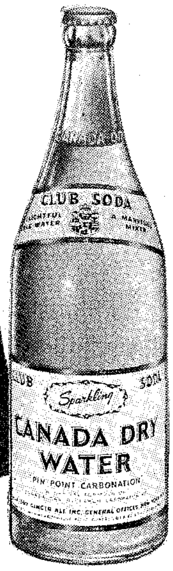

with a relative abhorrence (though not necessarily a fear) of bloodshed. The fact that they have very little, if any, mechanical connection with Moscow does not make them any the less Communists ideologically. If they had decided to be anything else, I am sure they would have changed their name.

Like the Russians, the Chinese Communists do most of their governing through committees. There are in this area three elective levels—the village committee, the Hsien Congress, and the Border Region Congress—as well as a number of appointed committees, such as the District cadre, the Border Region Cabinet, and the central committee of the Party. The appointive groups do the really important work. Under the Kuomintang, villages are still administratively organized in the old, paternalistic way: the village head dictates to heads of hundred-family units, who pass on orders to heads of ten-family units, who in turn direct the heads of the families in their group. This system, itself somewhat familylike, has many advantages for China, but it has a great weakness in that it lends itself admirably to corruption. The Chinese Communists have been able to eliminate almost all corruption in their areas, and that has been a tremendous accomplishment. The committee system has helped. In Crow Village, the seven members of the village committee are so busy watching one another that they have neither the time nor the opportunity for any dirty work. A special precaution has been taken on money matters: the committee has both a "treasurer" and an "accountant;" they are, actually, mutual auditors.

IN spite of the committee system, the villagers are learning at least a little something about the processes of representative government. They have already had one election, which was to choose delegates to the Hsien Congress. At a mass meeting, which was guided by the cadre, they chose a nominating committee. This selected the candidates. All men and women over eighteen were qualified to vote—not just family heads, who had traditionally managed things. The vote was by written ballot, and illiterates were allowed to choose the people who would write for them. Crow Village elected two delegates named Yang and Chow. In order to see how much politics a Chinese villager could absorb in something less than a year, I arranged to be introduced to one of these delegates in Kalgan, at a session of the Congress.

The Congress met in a large auditorium. Its ninety-one members sat on wooden benches. All around the walls hung large banners of ceremonial congratulations from the various districts. On the backdrop of the stage were huge, draped flags, and they were not Communist flags but those of the Kuomintang Government of China, and the portrait which hung over them was not of the Chinese Communist leader, Mao Tze-tung, but of the founder of the Chinese Republic, Sun Yat-sen. Servants moved continuously up and down the aisles, passing out small tumblers of exceedingly hot tea. The Congress president, vice-president, and twelve representatives were, I was told, members of the Party, but a fair number of the delegates were businessmen and landlords, and they looked quite prosperous. There were also seven women. All that day, the Congress discussed some complicated house-rental policies; late in the afternoon the presiding officer proposed that the policies be referred to a subcommittee. He asked for an affirmative vote. Most of the delegates put up their hands in approval. One, who was sitting near me, was asleep, but he suddenly came awake and his arm darted up. A landlord got up and said that he thought the land-tax program of the Communists was unfair to landlords. Since the rent reductions, he said, the landlords were receiving only thirty per cent of the produce as rent, and yet they were supposed to pay taxes on seventy per cent of the whole yield. He suggested that a fifty-fifty sharing of taxes by landlord and tenant would be fairer. This matter was discussed quite seriously for a while. Then the presiding officer urged that the question be passed on to another subcommittee and asked for another vote. The delegates raised their hands.

After the session adjourned, I was introduced to Mr. Yang. He is a farmer with a shrewd face, sparkling eyes, a broad smile, bow legs, a loud, aggressive voice, and a great love of cigarettes. As he, my sociologist friend, and I walked down toward the front of the emptying auditorium, he bent over, picked a half-smoked butt off one of the benches, lit it, inhaled deeply, and grinned. We sat down at a table at which some of the officials had been sitting. I asked him about the circumstances of his election to the Congress. He said very loudly, "I am honest and I am the best man in Crow Village, so my friends elected me. I got more votes than anyone else."

"How much land do you have?" I asked.

"Thirty-three *mow* this year," he said. "Ten more than last year."

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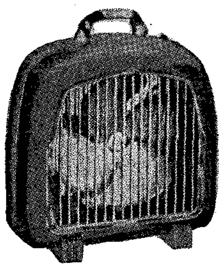

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"How did you happen to get ten more?"

"When the Japanese ran away, they went very quickly. It seemed to me that perhaps they had left some things behind. So I went into town, just as quickly as they went out of it. Yes, I found quite a lot of cotton thread and flour bags. I sold the things I found, and now I have thirty-three *mow*."

"What do you think of the Congress?"

Mr. Yang screwed up his face in disgust. "I can't hear the chairman," he said. "He doesn't speak clearly. He ought to talk louder."

"While the meeting was going on, did you raise your arm every time everyone else did?"

"Certainly not!" he shouted. "I only vote when I can hear the question and if it concerns me. I'm not in favor of things I don't understand."

"What do you think of the things that have been discussed?"

"House rents don't have anything to do with me. I own my house."

"But what about questions related to farming that you have discussed on other days?"

He reached over and took a cigarette out of a pack the sociologist had put on the table, and lit it. "Those things have a little interest," he said. "Repairing the irrigation dikes and building new ones—very good. Using more fertilizer—that seems sensible." I could see that he was beginning to warm up, and soon he was talking about his determination to work harder and increase the productivity of his fields. Mr. Yang was obviously an independent and self-reliant man who didn't like to be pushed around, but he was also apparently quite pleased, in spite of himself, with the practical benefits of a program which, he was beginning to persuade himself, he had helped to invent. He was pleased, too, with being an official.

After talking a few minutes longer, he abruptly announced that he was going to go and get something to eat, and, taking another cigarette from the pack on the table, he stood up to leave. Then he cleared his throat grandly, spat on the floor, grinned, and walked away.

—JOHN HERSEY

•

There is also the fact that it includes the full text of *The Wasteland* by Mrs. T. S. Eliot, perhaps the most influential and certainly the most celebrated poem of our epoch.—*From a book review in the Washington Post.*

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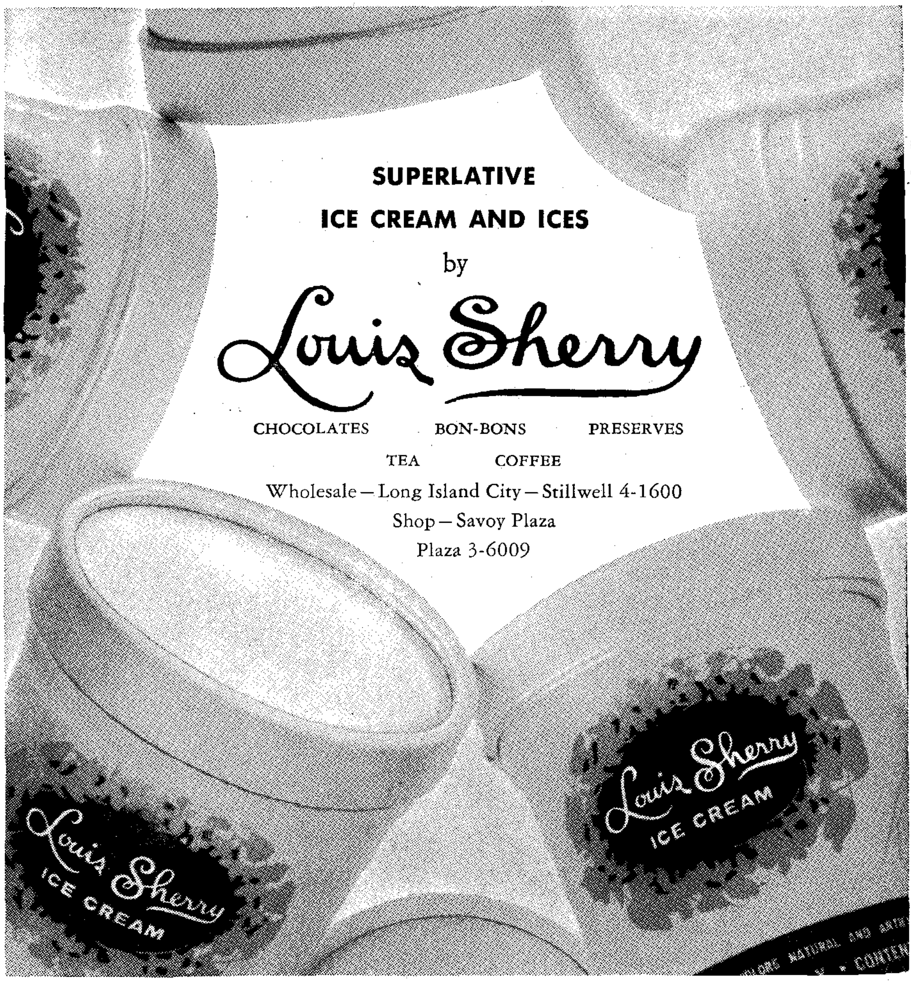

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OF ALL THINGS

THE O.P.A. conferees last week agreed upon a bill which they believed to have a chance of becoming law. They felt that it was good enough to please the President and bad enough to suit the Senate.

•

Evidently, the resistance movement among consumers has had some effect in keeping down the cost of butter. There has even been ugly talk of a buyers' strike to force a price reduction of eighteen and a half cents a pound.

•

For some reason, Andrew J. May does not seem to be eager to deliver an address before the members of the Mead Committee. When a congressman is reluctant to talk, that is news.

•

Eugene Talmadge won the nomination as Governor of Georgia because the state's primaries are decided by county units rather than by popular vote. It is a peculiar system, designed to create peculiar governors.

•

Chairman Reece of the Republican National Committee declares that it will be difficult for the G.O.P. to lose in the congressional elections this year, even if it tries. He prudently adds that it might be just as well not to try too hard.

•

Recruiting for the armed forces is reported to be going ahead at a pretty lively rate. Probably a lot of young fellows have discovered that being a civilian is a luxury they cannot afford at this time.

•

The big-league magnates have started to do something about granting better conditions to their wage slaves and they may come around to giving a player a share of his price when he is sold. The ballplayers' guild claims this as its victory, but a good scorekeeper might credit the Mexican League with an assist.

•

The House of Representatives has accomplished another miracle. It has taken hold of the difficult and complicated atomic-energy problem and made it more so. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE RACE TRACK

Something Extra Special

THE new track near Atlantic City, which opened this week, is worth going out of your way to see. It is not yet completely finished, but when the grass in the infield has had time to grow and all the landscaping has been done, it will be another pleasant place to go racing. The daily double is in operation down there (there's also a game on the boardwalk called Skillo, if that's the sort of thing you like), but if you are interested in the more forthright aspects of racing, you'll be more pleased to find a stand in which strollers in the aisles can't obstruct the view, stables that are really fireproof, and a racecourse so banked that horses can't run out on the turns. These innovations were thought up by John Sloan, a New York architect and former member of the Racing Commission, who also designed Hipódromo de las Américas, in Mexico City, and Garden State Park, near Camden. He is going to draw up the plans for the Queens County Jockey Club when that organization decides to make a race track out of Aqueduct.

The red-brick-and-concrete grandstand of the Atlantic City Racing Association is a very pleasant patch of architecture. At the clubhouse end of the stand, there is a dining terrace that is even better laid out than the one at Oriental Park in Havana, at the other end there is a sun deck, and in between there is very comfortable seating for about thirteen thousand spectators. I was particularly gratified by Sloan's use of fluted opaque-glass screens in the transverse aisles behind the boxes, for these screens make the passageways practically useless as vantage points for loungers who aren't on stilts. The layout of the betting area is another novel bit of designing: the ticket sellers' and cashiers' booths are back to back and form little islands here and there on the ground and mezzanine floors. In fact, the only thing this faultfinder didn't like was the saddling shed, which is built into the back of the stand. Somehow, it seems just too businesslike. If horses can't be saddled in a grassy paddock, as they are at Saratoga, at least they should have the benefit of a tree-shaded shed, like the one at Delaware Park.

The Atlantic City racing strip is a mile and a furlong around, its turns are

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banked according to a mathematical formula (the reason horses sometimes run wide at, say, Aqueduct is that the turns are banked according to a non-mathematical formula), and it has a footing that even trainers praise. Incidentally, the main course is the only one in the country with steel guardrails, which may make jockeys more careful about rough riding. At intervals along the inner and outer rails, sprinklers have been installed to spray streams of water across the course between races. I'm not sure that this idea is going to take the place of the sprinkling cart, though. Years ago, Joe Widener installed something similar on the Widener Course at Belmont, but it made so many puddles that the horses had to play hopscotch over them and the device was used only one season.

Jersey's newest track is fourteen miles from Atlantic City, on the Black Horse Pike, and can be easily reached by automobile, train, or plane. The present meeting will continue through August 17th, and if it isn't enormously successful, I shall be surprised. It's my guess, too, that Atlantic City will lure more horses than horseplayers from Saratoga. Trainers are always eager for fresh pastures.

THE most interesting race at Jamaica last week was Saturday's East View Stakes, in which Grand Admiral, whom you'll do well to remember, led all the way and won handily from I Will and nine other two-year-olds. One of these was Clean Slate, who is much bigger and better-looking than his brother Assault but no such runner. I'm sorry, though, that I didn't pop down to Monmouth Park that afternoon instead, because the Monmouth Handicap, which was won by Lucky Draw, must have been a better show. Perhaps not enough credit was given to Lucky Draw for winning the Butler a fortnight ago; from all accounts, he beat Stymie more easily last weekend at Monmouth than he did in the race at Jamaica, although he carried six pounds more. Maybe handicappers need to revise their ratings. . . . Well, the Classic Stakes will be run at Arlington Park this Saturday, and if you want to know my figures, Assault is out in front by lengths.—AUDAX MINOR

•

Readership: 98% women
96% men
—*From an adv. of the Atlanta Journal Magazine in the Times.*

And the rest children?

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

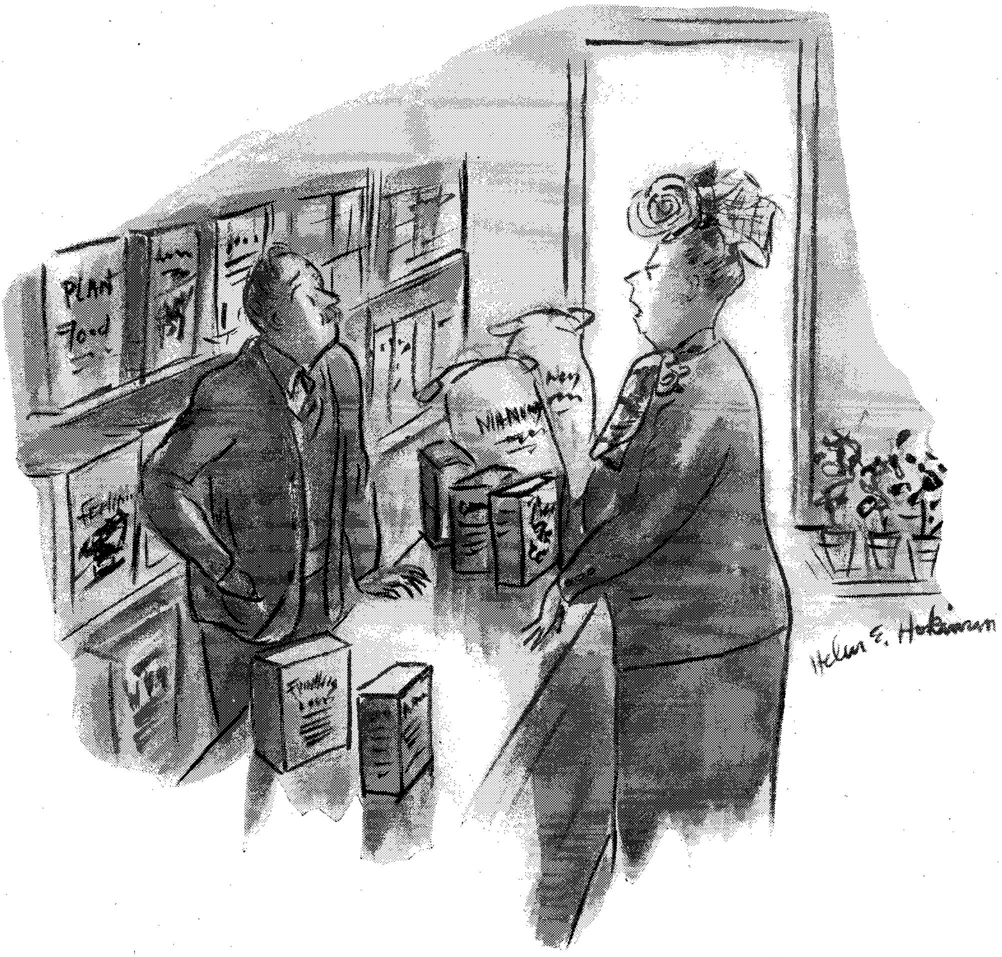
FEMININE FASHIONS

AMERICAN milliners, who are sometimes referred to as "mad geniuses" in their lush little world, are notoriously perverse folk and unpredictable in direct ratio to their prosperity. The custom hats they have devised for this fall and winter are a challenge to psychiatrists. John-Frederics solemnly speak of fashions that stem from the "landscape of America." But to judge by their offerings, John and Fred think that we slaves to steam heat plan to shake off our bonds and spend the winter on the plains of North Dakota, and they're afraid we'll freeze. So they have put in a lot of time on hats that may start as turbans, cloches, derbies, or whatever, and end up with vast scarf appendages which you wrap tight under your nose (they don't tell you what to do when you want to smoke, have a drink, or kiss somebody—even just a mild goodbye). These flowing businesses, having thus forced your chin deep into your chest, either pin up into casual drapery at the back of the head or, more often, descend over the back of the neck to produce a silhouette that a turtle would consider an infringement on his patent. When the idea turns up in Technicolor white, an ivory shade that I would just as soon not try to describe, the effect is of a person with bandaged facial burns; in dark colors, it suggests, to go on with the boys' elaborate conceit, Oriental rather than Grant Wood landscapes. Then, Lilly Daché, a specialist in the spun-sugar, or wedding-cake, sort of frivolity, has come forth with some of the simplest, most youthful silhouettes to be seen in town. And Sally Victor, idol of the night-life set, has shown up with striking untrimmed shapes and with felts cunningly draped, in a very suave way, like turbans. It is all most inconsistent and surprising.

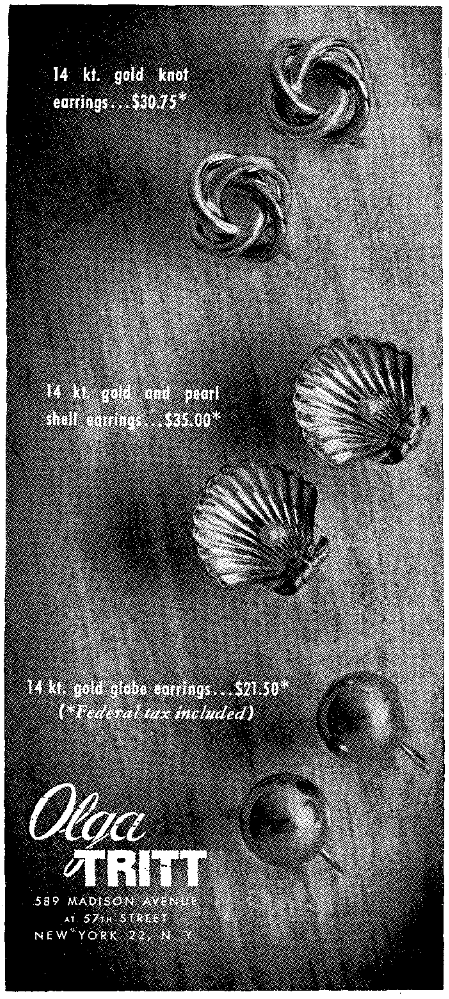
The milliners, of course, are subjected to terrific temptations this season. Because they have been short of luxurious fabrics for years, it is understandable that they should go wild now that they again have at hand all the aigrette-type feathers, ostrich plumes, birds' wings, velvets, and other gaudy ingredients they want. Some of the results make me beg you to proceed with caution. It should also be noted, in all fairness, that the temptation of fine felts and French ribbon has not been resisted, either, and usually the results of this are happier.

As for line, the shops show a leaning toward hats with tiny brims that either shoot forward or are turned back, with high, narrow, squarish crowns that slant toward the rear. (You had better see how your profile looks in one of them before you take any definite steps.) There are wonderful adaptations of derbies and what are called "rollers" at Bergdorf Goodman, bonnets at Sally Victor, enchanting tilted contraptions at Daché and Florell. Most of them show the forehead and a bit of hairline, but there is an ominous tendency in some of them to ripple low over the forehead in the style of the twenties. That period is also hinted at in John-Frederics' circlets for evening, that go straight around the head like the band of a wedding veil, and I must admit that they are charming affairs. One is made of brown glycerined ostrich, which trails down the back; others start with diamond (not real, of course) circlets and have soft, spangled scarves coming down over the shoulders. A definite and fearfully elaborate trend is evening hats in the Gaby Deslys style—toques or big velvet hats adorned with ostrich feathers, birds, or velvet ribbon, and sometimes all of them. John-Frederics, who always like to stun their public, have lots of these, often accompanied by boas of curly ostrich or of frail glycerined feathers of the aigrette type. Other examples are simpler; Sally Victor makes vast inverted saucers in felt, absolutely unadorned, and Lilly Daché has a lovely big-brimmed felt with glycerined ostrich clouding the severity of the brim and giving a misty look to the whole thing.

DACHÉ's cloches, or what she calls cloches, are really beautiful. One resplendent version is a purplish felt with a tiny brim, a towering crown (which hints at the medieval), a purple velvet band, and matching net veiling that covers the crown and cascades down the back. (Trailing ends and cascades and such are all around town.) Then, she has a very satisfying tall brown felt with a turned-back brim and a pheasant feather stuck through the crown. There are cloches to be worn on one side of the head, with the brim curled under low on that



"My red spiders liked your rotenone dust!"


14 kt. gold knot earrings...$30.75*
14 kt. gold and pearl shell earrings...$35.00*
14 kt. gold globe earrings...$21.50*
(*Federal tax included)
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Food is Heavenly at the Beverly
That's why this quiet East Side hotel has become a favorite rendezvous for luncheon and dinner. Delicious cocktails, too.
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THE BEVERLY HOTEL
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Summer Garden now open.
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side and curved upward on the other to show lots of coiffure. One, of apricot-colored felt, has ribbons and flowers on top; another is in mustard felt, with feathers aloft to give it height. And, for that over-the-forehead twenties look we were just talking about, she shows a black stitched felt that ripples over the brows. This has a wide blue grosgrain band, and the top of the crown is of green felt. Daché's celebrated delicate gold-thread embroidery appears at one side. For gaga (how the darling old words come pelting back to us!), the Gaby Deslys influence is visible both in a braided black satin with a spray of black feathers spurting up the center front, and in a red velvet twisted turban with a velvet rose above the forehead and an aigrette-type feather shooting up one side.

WALTER FLORELL is masterly at making hats that use feathers and flowers without doing any damage to the basic line of the design. Most of his hats are high, and my pets are the tilted, profile type that may be either very simple or very elegant. He has, for instance, a tailored gray felt with white birds' wings high on one side, and a purple felt with a spray of glycerined ostrich curving up on one side and down on the other. A white felt hat which Mr. F. has named Unbiased comes down over one eye and is decorated with white feathers. It looks like a cockscomb worn slightly askew, and I'm being just as Unbiased as the hat. A regal affair in brown felt has a round, low crown and ostrich towering on the up side; a tall-crowned yellow felt is similarly decorated with gray and brown question-mark feathers high toward the back. Both these, too, are to be worn askew. When Florell's hats are worn straight, they are very straight and narrow indeed. He has tiny brown felt pillboxes with bronzed wings sticking up in front; taller pillboxes, in fur, with circus-horse pompons rising above them; ermine tails above white ermine and black feathers bobbing over black Persian with a red velvet band (I'm trying not to get incoherent); felts with the brims curled at the side and towers of grosgrain ribbon and feathers in front—oh, all sorts of ideas. There are also turbans of felt covered with feathers in a way that gives the effect of drapery. One is in dark purple with dark-red feathers—beautiful as anything.

BERGDORF GOODMAN'S favorite silhouette is small, rounded, and very young. For tailored types of females, they have that roller I mentioned, made of red wool jersey with a low, round crown and a tiny parrot's head and wings at the front of a small, upturned, stitched brim. Other rollers are in plaid wool (another Bergdorf favorite this year), ornamented with a long ostrich feather shaved down to look like a quill. Then there are graceful variants on the conventional severe derby, either plain, such as one in brown felt with rayon satin streamers, or all complicated with French veiling. For afternoon, there is one in black rayon velvet with a narrow black rayon satin band. You can dress this number up by means of an accompanying band of ermine, with tails that dangle down a trifle over your forehead, or you can wear the band by itself for evening. For more majestic women, evening may mean a black rayon velvet bandeau with glycerined ostrich curlicues up one side, or a plaque across the front of the head ornamented with rayon velvet bows and aigrette-type feathers or with white birds with outspread wings.

SALLY VICTOR'S Bonnies are snug little brimless head-hugging affairs with crowns that slant toward the back. They show all of the forehead and some of the hairline. There are also her Drum bonnets, with small brims and crowns that slant straight back and end in a circular disc. The disc sometimes sports a swirl of feathers or embroidery for decoration. Youth, ah, youth indeed, in all these bonnets. Victor is wonderful this year at manipulating fabrics that ordinarily look heavy. Her felts include a big, rounded gray number that is indented above one eye (you can insert a decoration there if you insist), and affairs that are draped like her famous turbans, in pleated effects or in irregular swirls, which sometimes have a smashing big paste ornament as trimming. She can also make fur hats graceful and youthful, as she has done with a cloche of white American broadtail that has a tiny brim and a shoestring of black grosgrain that barely demarcates the brim from the infinitesimal crown. The same trick is worked with a cloche bonnet of mink and a cloche of white ermine with red flowers at each side—to keep your ears warm, naturally.

IDEAS are all over the place at John-Frederics. As I said, I'm a trifle dismayed by the huddled shapes of their hats, with enormous scarves concealing the link between head and shoulders, but there are many, many other diversions, such as vast, fat draped turbans that are pure Nizam of Hyderabad; cones of plaid wool, Cossack style, for the country or for travel; sharp, clean-lined, straight-brimmed sailors with a highish crown that has a brush of black feathers up one side. The twenties are often suggested here, particularly by a rayon velvet helmet with a black net top and coq feathers close to both cheeks. And among the Gaby Deslys efforts (remarkable how that girl shows up all over town), there's a pink rayon satin beret, crisscrossed with black sequins and accompanied by a long, narrow stole of glycerined ostrich.

BITS AND PIECES: Of the sun lotions that shelter you from burning rays while allowing you to tan, Helena Rubinstein's Liquid Sunshine is one of the best. It disappears into the skin leaving not a trace of oiliness but only a faint lilac scent. A bald-headed playboy I know tried it out and was dazed to find that he could spend four hours on a golf course in the sun without subsequent peeling. And the stuff is an insect repellent. Really and truly. . . . Coppertone, another sun lotion, is rich in emollients when in cream form, and consequently a bit greasy; in liquid form, it's easier to apply and not as much of a sand collector. Bloomingdale has both varieties. . . . Gourielli's natural or brunette Ermine foundation is one of the most successful new creamy powder foundations I have tried. . . . Chen Yu, desolate over the fact that nail polish gets dull at the beach, offers Twincote, a colorless varnish that restores the sparkle. . . . Georg Jensen has a new purse atomizer, in chromium and leather, that resembles a cigarette lighter, which should lead to some interesting situations, for it sprays perfume when you push a lever. It's a taxless $10 and comes primed with a few drops of one of Jensen's perfumes, all of which are fine. (My own choice of the assortment is Acacia.) . . . Harriet Hubbard Ayer's new perfume is called Golden Hour, and it is absolutely dreamy. Rich and lush and romantic, I mean.

Feeling any prettier now? —L. L.

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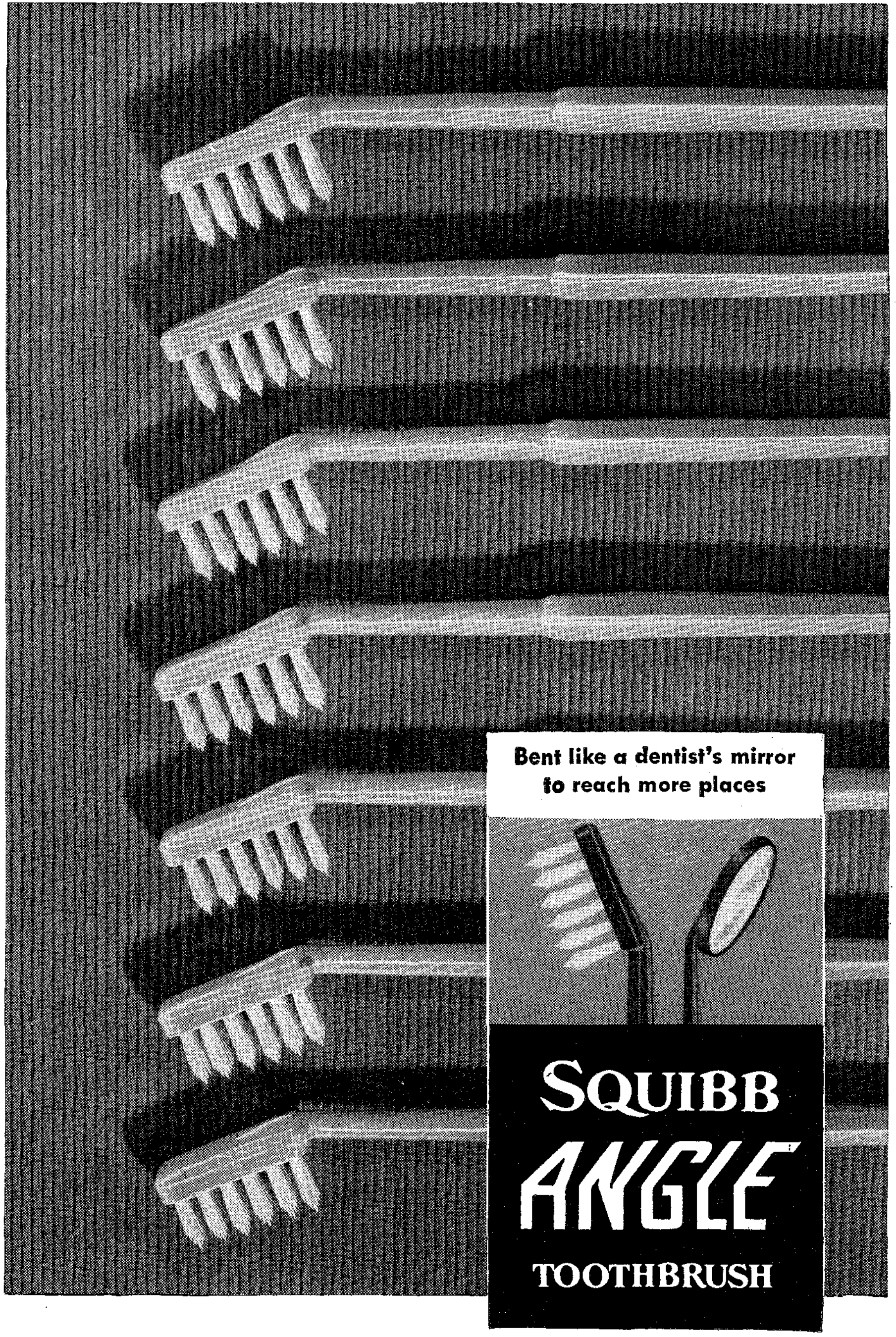
MIAMI IN THE DOLDRUMS

[*From the Miami Herald*]

The summer bookie fine schedule went into effect Thursday in Criminal court.

Albert Allen, 3890 N.W. 36th St., was the first benefactor. He was fined $200 instead of the season rate of $275. Three other bookies, caught while the tracks still were in operation, got the usual $275 each.

Reaches neglected teeth



EVEN SOME VERY CAREFUL PEOPLE skip teeth that need cleaning—because their brushes can't easily get at every tooth. The Squibb Angle Toothbrush was scientifically designed to reach those teeth that usually are neglected. The moment you first put this new, improved toothbrush in your mouth you'll catch on to its secret. The *angle* does it. The Squibb Angle Toothbrush was developed by a practicing dentist after years of study of tooth-cleaning problems. It costs no more than other brushes. It's a joy to use. Your choice of hard or medium bristles.

Listen to Academy Award Theatre every Wednesday 10:00 P. M., E. D. S. T.—C B S Network

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Hello Folks,

A SIP OF CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE

The fellow who said "any port in a storm" probably never tasted my California Alta Port Wine. It has a special California-sunshine flavor all its own. So I hope you'll make Alta your "home port." I make Alta Port from the rich juices of my proudest, plumpest grapes, and I'm sure you'll like it.

Your friend,

The Alta Winemaker

P.S. It's good and cool for summer, folks, my Alta Port and Soda.

THE PEAK OF FINE WINES SINCE 1883

ALTA VINEYARDS CO., FRESNO, HEALDSBURG AND DINUBA, CALIFORNIA

REAWAKENING IN ROCK COUNTY, WISCONSIN

[*Editorial in the Evansville* (*Wis.*) *Review*]

SPRING

The writer has been receiving letters from the South and West telling how the early flowers are in bloom, and how the fish are biting and the venturesom lads, trying to play smart, are mearly getting into trouble by going swimming while the water is almost freezing, which, probably, after the scare was over, had the boy have a spring into the wood shed where the "old man" of the family took off his belt and made it spring up and down on the seat of the boy who wanted to show how smart he was to go into almost ice cold water, caused the ringing of church bells and a weeping mother at a graveside, because a foolish boy wanted to show he "wasn't afraid," and paid with his life, as he tried to prove that Mom and Dad were old fogies who were trying to raise him up a "Sissie boy."

Spring is a time when birds, beasts, flowers and people as well; feel that they must celebrate in someway how happy they are that "Old Man Winter" has been driven, with his coal bills and cough pills back into the distance where—he will have to loaf as–he–rests–up for another fight with the weather man about next Christmas time.

We who love wild life get a lot of fun watching the many different ways the birds, the squirrels and other small animals who do not have to go to the O.P.A. for places to sleep and raise their families.

The robins, which seldom fail to show us they know something else but cats, and the long fishing worms he sees them pull from the ground, on or before St. Patricks Day, show their confidence in humanity by building their nests right over the kitchen door, where they will teach their little ones mankind is honorable and is not what the communists try to make us believe that every man who is not a communist, is likely to be.

Even these days, our president, who has been accused of being half asleep half the time, has awakened enough to open to the world a scheme to run a peaceful world dispite the squabling of England and Russia and the bluffing of Spain and her Naziemade Franco. It is nice to see our president realy wake up after his sleepy spell when John L. Lewis has been trying to hand this country over to John L Lewis, so he can run it to suit John L. Lewis when United Labor has made him its president. John L. Lewis is a smart man—and no one knows it any better than John L. Lewis. Some day, perhaps, labor may find a man who is smarter than John L. Lewis—but not yet.

Yes, Spring is here, and the time comes when John and Mary can get away from the Sunday night knock on the parlor door with advice to Mary that "tomorrow morning" is Monday, wash day, a day when Mary is expected to shine as a future house-keeper, comes from Mother's side of the door, for the benefit of John, as much as anything else, as Mary tells him how important she is in household duties. An argument which duly impress John—until a new girl comes to town and he gets to be her favorite, and his Mary has to break in a new victim to join her hand-holders union. Just like it used to be fifty years ago.

Yes spring is here again just as it was in the long ago.

HOW'S YOUR BACKHAND?

MY tennis backhand is terrible, so when I saw an envelope marked "Donald Budge and Sidney Wood" in my incoming mail the other day, I opened it with alacrity. Word of my backhand has got to Budge and Wood, I thought, and those two friendly tennis players are sending me a tip, perhaps even a full set of instructions. Not at all. Budge and Wood, it seems, are in the fur-storage, fur-cleaning, rug-, carpet-, drapery-, tapestry-, upholstered-furniture-, pillow-, table-throw-, and slipcover-cleaning, demothing, and laundry business, and their communication to me consisted of three pieces of literature outlining the virtues of their services. "Your home deserves . . . de-mothing," one of them read, and went on to say that Budge-Wood's "trained workmen, under a supervising expert," would dust-clean my carpets "with specially designed non-beating vacuum cleaners that extract dirt *imbedded* in the fibres, then gently but thoroughly shampoo them until the true colors reappear in all their *original* brightness and lustre." As for upholstered furniture, "each piece is first carefully vacuumed, reaching every tiny crevice, then *hand* dry cleaned by our skilled chemists . . . not only over the entire surface, but all the way *through*."

I was about to apply for these services when I took a look at the picture accompanying the text. This showed the living room and bedroom of my house, all right, with six Budge-Wood trained workmen de-mothing and dust- and dry-cleaning like nobody's business—except, possibly, Budge-Wood's. Two men were rolling up the living-room carpet, their hands deep in moth pupae and larvae; another was scraping moths off a window curtain; a fourth, undoubtedly a skilled chemist (I think Dr. Harold C. Urey), was hand-dry-cleaning the back of an upholstered chair. In the bedroom, a fifth and sixth were busily at work—one vacuum-cleaning the carpet with a non-beating vacuum cleaner, the other removing a suit from my closet, doubtless preparatory to a thorough shampoo. The reason I decided against turning this fantasy into reality was that nowhere in the Budge-Wood panorama did I see the supervising expert. The supervising expert is, I suspect, a union fixture and I feared these reconverted tennis players were probably inviting trouble when they left him out. I know what this sort of negligence leads to—buffalo moths planted by union operatives in every sofa, table throw, and slip-cover; cigar beetles in the humidor; beds pied—and I want no part of it.

I turned next to a folder that showed four colored laundresses playing badminton over a net strung with drying towels and underclothing (the winning, irrelevant, associational touch: a Budge-Wood-laundered brassière whisks the owner to the wonderful Budge-Wood world of sport). The text read:

> For "that personal touch" you've despaired of finding, try Budge-Wood this summer. Try us at *our* risk. Let us launder one full week's wash. Examine it carefully. See if it meets your most exacting requirements. Then, if in any way it does not come up to your expectations, you are under no obligation to pay. Try us on baby's best bib and tucker; on fragile summer frocks . . . fine monogrammed towels . . . bath mats, heavy-duty household linens.

On the back of the folder, headed "On Our Roster of Customers" and printed on a bright pink background, was a list of several dozen breath-taking names—among them, the Metropolitan, Harvard, and Racquet & Tennis Clubs; Miss Norma Shearer, Miss Lili Damita, Miss Marlene Dietrich, Miss Ruth Gordon, Mrs. Robert Sherwood, Mrs. Paul Gallico, Michael Strange, Mrs. H. C. Brokaw, Mrs. Barklie Henry, Mrs. Courtlandt D. Barnes, Mrs. Grafton Pyne, Mrs. William Burton, Mrs. Sheldon Prentice, Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. John Schiff, Mrs. Gerald Warburg, Mrs. Sam Lewisohn, Princess Windisch-Graetz, Deems Taylor, Joseph P. Kennedy, Count Igor Cassini, Sammy Kaye, Leo Durocher, and "Mr. Anthony." These clubs and people are all famous for keeping themselves spotless, and I had already peeled off my shirt and packed it up, along with a personal note to Budge, when a disquieting thought occurred to me. Had the most exacting requirements of these customers been met? Or, perchance, had Mrs. Burton found her Budge-Wood-laundered baby's best bib and tucker not quite up to scratch? Had Miss Damita discovered her table throw, fresh from Budge-Wood, not up to her expectations? Was the Racquet Club disappointed by the condition of its fragile summer frocks? Was "Mr. Anthony" troubled by iron burns in his heavy-duty household linens? In short, were or were not the customers listed by Budge-Wood repeaters? At least one of them, Baroness R. Rothschild, has been dead for some time. The inaccurate docu-

• BE DISCRIMINATING
Drink America's
UNEXCELLED
WHISKEY
Unchanging in a Changing World

MELROSE

BLENDED
STRAIGHT
Rye
WHISKIES

90 PROOF

Maryland's
Toast To
The Nation!

Pay a little more...Drink a little less...Treat yourself to the very best

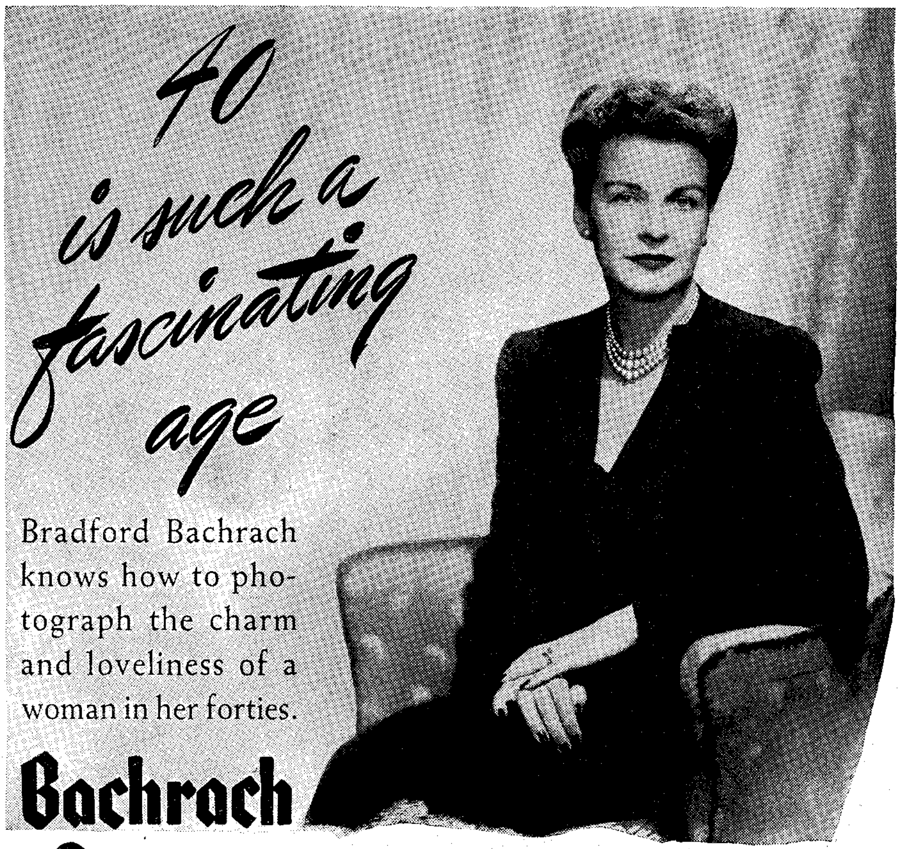
Records & Goldsborough
INCORPORATED
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
ESTABLISHED 1885
THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD

mentation which led to the inclusion of this name made me wonder whether the whole list wasn't just a bunch of one-full-week's-wash experimental patrons and no more, saddened beneficiaries of an unsatisfactory free ride. Was Budge-Wood a hive of unpaid bills, returned in anger and disfigured with such scrawls as "Most exacting requirements not met. Spot on bib. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt;" "Not up to expectations. Tear in tucker. Marlene Dietrich;" "On behalf of our client, Sammy Kaye, beg to state his socks have shrunk and he is under no obligation to pay. (Signed) Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner & Reed"? Probably not, but you can't take chances with a shirt these days, and before I send that package off, I think I'll give Joe Kennedy a ring and ask him how he came out.

MEANWHILE, I am indebted to Donald and Sidney for a new conception of social and celebrity reporting, which I pass along to the society editors of the metropolitan press and to all Broadway and Hollywood columnists. I think the following sample item will make the idea clear:

"Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, accompanied by Leo Durocher, showed up at the Hickory Room last night arm in arm. Mrs. Twombly's blouse was freshly laundered by the Budge-Wood service. Mr. Durocher received congratulations on his faultlessly moth-proofed woollen suit from a group that included Miss Gertrude Lawrence, Mrs. Albert Spalding, and David Selznick. 'Fellow-customers,' he said, 'I owe it all to Flo Twombly. She put me up for Budge-Wood, got the Harvard Club to second me, and I was elected after a wait of only six months, during which I did all my own laundry. Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice did his best to have me blackballed, but now that I'm in, we greet one another cordially enough in the taproom.'

"Standing on a hand-dry-cleaned rug, Mrs. Twombly and Mr. Durocher greeted guests until a late hour. Among those present were such striking Budge-Wood customers as Mrs. A. F. Schermerhorn, Mrs. Albert Lasker, and Leland Hayward. Cries of 'No moths on me!' mingled festively with the tinkling of swizzle sticks. Mrs. Amos R. E. Pinchot, immaculate in a dust-cleaned slipcover, announced that she is giving a tea for Hattie Carnegie customers at the Colony Club next Wednesday, and *on dit* that a Brooks Brothers-clientele smoker is being planned by several of the town's heavy-duty cotillion leaders."—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN


40 is such a fascinating age

Bradford Bachrach knows how to photograph the charm and loveliness of a woman in her forties.

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EST. 1830

BELLOWS
CRUZAN RUM
DISTILLED FROM WHOLE CANE JUICE

This light West Indies Rum has a soft, delicate flavor.

Gold Label is preferred for Cuba Libres, Planters Punch, White Label for Daiquiris, etc., either for Rum Collins.

Bellows & Company
IMPORTERS AND WINE MERCHANTS
ESTABLISHED 1830
New York • Colorado Springs • Chicago
4/5 Quart · 86 Proof

BELLOWS
IMPORTED
BELLOWS & COMPANY
CRUZAN RUM
GOLD LABEL

FOUR ROSES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Fine American Whiskey

Forecast: Cold and Frosty

WHAT a surprise for the weather man! (*He'd normally be predicting "hot and sultry."*)

And what a surprise for *you*... if you'll follow our suggestion and make one of these green-and-silver triumphs for yourself!

For no other Julep you ever tasted can match the frosty, fragrant perfection of one made with Four Roses...because Four Roses is so distinctive, so *different*, in flavor—the *perfect* Julep whiskey!

How to make the perfect Mint Julep

Simply take a few sprigs of fresh, tender young mint. Cover with powdered sugar and enough water to dissolve sugar. Crush the mint (or just stir it, if you prefer). Place the mixture in bottom of tall glass and fill with shaved ice. Pour in Four Roses, lavishly, until glass is brimming. Garnish with mint and let stand till frost forms thick.

Then sit back and sip the noblest drink ever created by the hand of man...a Four Roses Mint Julep!

FOUR ROSES

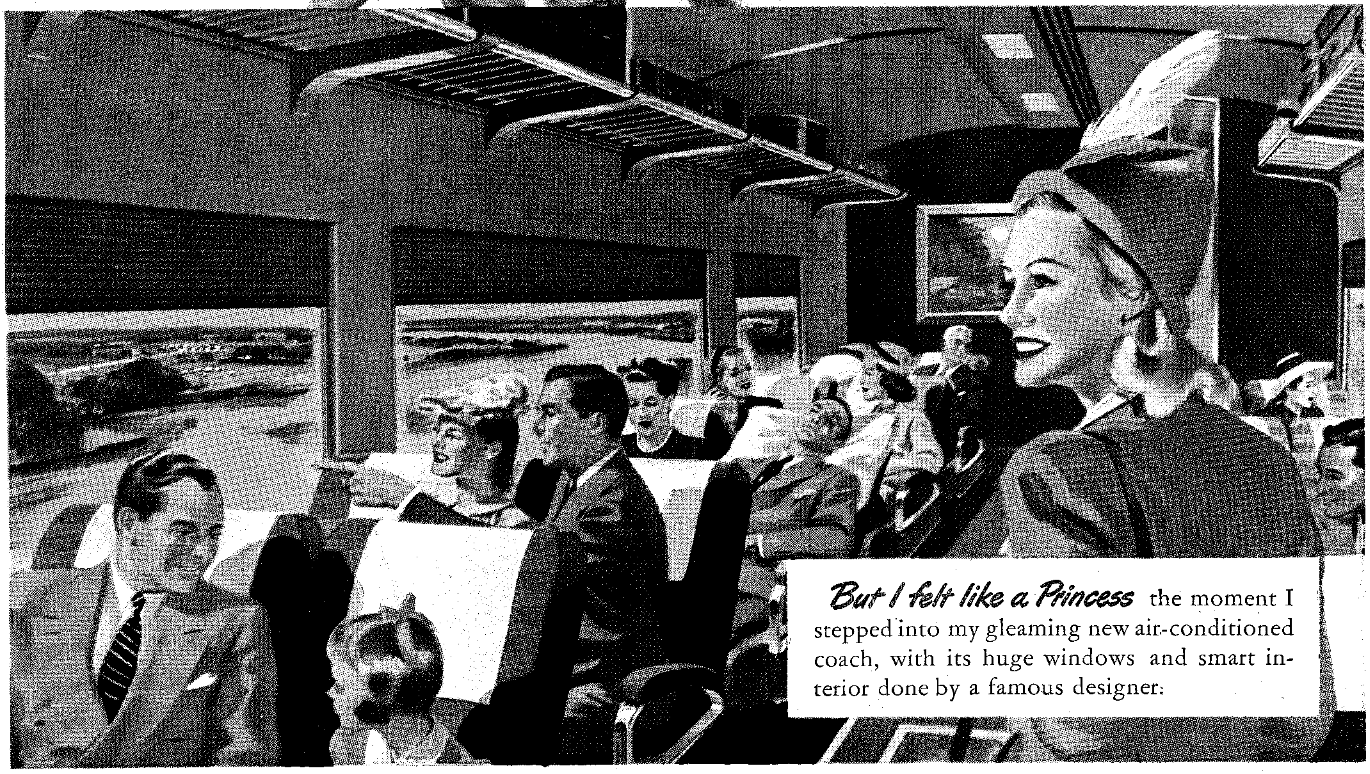
A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies. 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

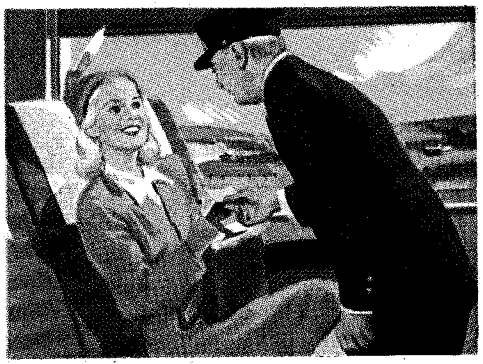
New Coach for CINDERELLA!

New York Central's New Cars Play Fairy Godmother To Travel Budgets

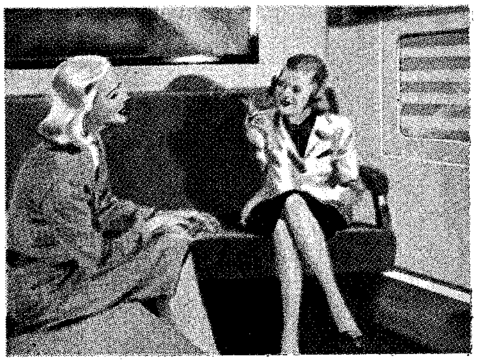
I felt like Cinderella when I found I had to plan my trip on a shoestring!



But I felt like a Princess the moment I stepped into my gleaming new air-conditioned coach, with its huge windows and smart interior done by a famous designer.



Reserved for her Highness is the way I felt about the wonderful, soft reclining seat reserved for me at no extra charge on this luxurious coach streamliner.



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LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 21 (BY CABLE)

BREAD rationing, which starts tomorrow, provides a chilling reminder that things here have a long way to go yet before they can be considered normal. Just the same, many functions that were standard features of the prewar London season have been doing their struggling best to get going again this summer. The calendar of events reads much as if the clock had been put back to 1939. For instance, the extremely social Eton-Harrow cricket match has just taken place, at Lord's, for the first time since the beginning of the war. Most years, a small proportion of the spectators attended to watch the cricket, while the rest went to meet friends for lunch in the club tents for the use of the players and their guests and to look at the smart clothes. This year, there were only five tents in the usually close-packed stretch of turf and the party-makers were grouped around thermos flasks. The smartness of the occasion was also considerably dimmed. As at Ascot this year, top hats and tail coats were not worn, either by the men visitors or by the schoolboys, since this conventional garb was felt to be out of place in a world uneasily at peace and not yet feeling gala. Lord's did not look entirely itself without little boys sporting toppers, fancy waistcoats, and enormous buttonholes of Harrovian cornflowers or carnations dyed a pale Etonian blue. The women at the match got by with a chic new hat to set off last year's dress, but the men looked an extremely shabby bunch. As a parade of the upper crust, valiantly pretending that everything was still the same, the occasion was a little saddening.

THE audiences who nightly pack Covent Garden to see the New York Ballet Theatre are not dressy either, but they make up for the absence of tiaras by their enthusiasm. This engagement has been the culmination of an unprecedented season of ballet, both visiting and native. On the hottest night of the year, moist balletomanes were standing squeezed together all around the house to see "Petrouchka" danced here again. Londoners, however, are not so much excited by the American dancers' rendering of the

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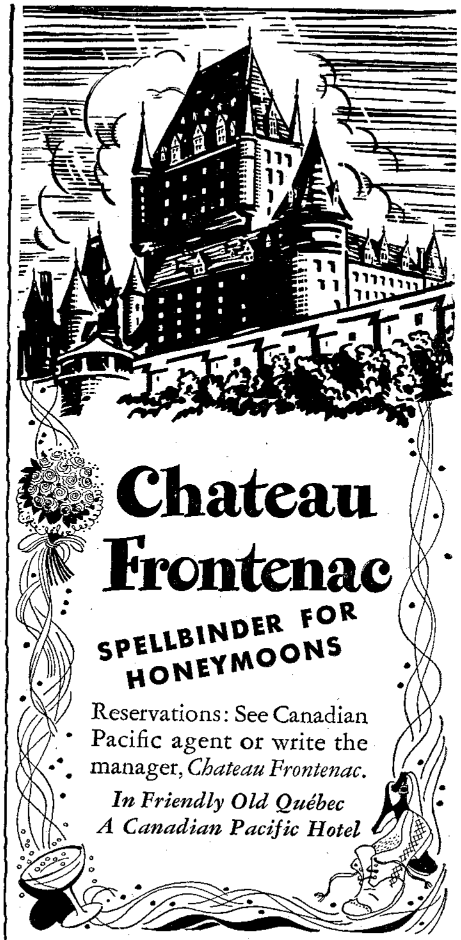
well-known classical roles as they are by the short, witty, new ballets, such as "Fancy Free." It is a novel experience for English ballet followers, normally a serious tribe, to laugh quite as unreservedly as they did at, for example, the miming of Norah Kaye in the amusing trifle "Gala Performance." On the classic side, Eglevsky and Alicia Alonso have been particularly admired by audiences who must be as critical and ballet-minded as any in the world.

STRANGELY, although stall-holders nowadays at the once-glittering Covent Garden make no special effort to glitter, people still turned up in somewhat self-conscious evening dress at half past four in the afternoon at Victoria Station to take the train for the Glyndebourne Festival, which has again been going on in its perfect setting of lovely gardens and Sussex hills. The Festival's production of Benjamin Britten's new opera, "The Rape of Lucretia," was the most important artistic event of the season. This new version of the old, perpetually fascinating theme of virtue rudely outraged was given a high polish as the result of a brilliant production by Eric Crozier (who also produced Britten's earlier opera, "Peter Grimes"), superb settings by John Piper, and the libretto by Ronald Duncan, author of "This Way to the Tomb!" Duncan acknowledges his indebtedness for his interpretation to "Le Viol de Lucrèce," by André Obey, and to five other authors who have given attention to the lady's troubles, including Livy, Shakespeare, and Nathaniel Lee.

Britten's new opera has not quite the breadth and drama of "Peter Grimes." It is more classically simple in structure; its long tragedy (two hours and two acts) is expounded by only eight singers and an orchestra of twelve. However, its dramatic passages, such as the breathlessly exciting recital of Tarquinius's ride from the Roman camp and his approach to the sleeping Lucretia's couch, accompanied by a roll of muttering drums, are as tremendous as anything in "Peter Grimes." Much of the lavishly beautiful lyrical music was sung with equal beauty by Joan Cross, as the female of the pair of godlike commentators who, from pillared thrones on either side of the stage, sadly watch and act as chorus to the tragedy. Ronald Duncan's libretto, incidentally, provides the chorus with some pretty awkward lines, such as "All authorities agree that the Etruscan conquest of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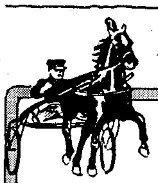
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Rome dates from 600 B.C.—that is, approximately." Duncan, obviously deeply religious himself, makes the chorus at the end draw a jarring, ill-timed Christian moral from this purely pagan tale of Roman passions, but on the whole the partnership of libretto and music is almost perfect.

The mechanics of Glyndebourne seemed to be functioning with prewar smoothness. Fleets of motorbuses picked up operagoers at the local station and drove them comfortably to the charming little opera house. The Dowager Queen Mary, who goes everywhere these days, with undiminished, youthful energy, was in the audience one night recently and got a big reception. In the intermission, there was a well-served, if rather smaller than prewar, dinner, with a high-priced claret cup and higher-priced wines. The blue-and-white herbaceous borders of the gardens looked as beautiful as ever, though the head gardener, lurking by the delphiniums, was modestly deprecating. During the war, when a hundred evacuees under five years old were making their own brand of music at Glyndebourne, he and his wife kept up the gardens by themselves, and the results of their care are miraculous. It has been altogether a memorable Festival, pleasant as a reunion but chiefly remarkable for its further dazzling proof that in Benjamin Britten the unmusical British have undoubtedly got a rare creature in their nest—a young composer of genius in the grand manner.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

Chicago, June 21 (UP).—Nick Messina, forty-eight, was prohibited by court order today from throwing lighted matches at his mother-in-law.—*The Herald Tribune.*

As though there weren't enough controls and regulations already.

•

Bears will not ordinarily attack humans without provocation, but will sometimes approach them from curiosity and rear up so as to see them better. On such occasions, stand perfectly still and talk in a conversational tone.—*General Order No. 118, Alaska Defense Command, 1943.*

About what?

•

LETTERS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

The Parents' Magazine
52 Vanderbilt Ave.,
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June 5, 1946

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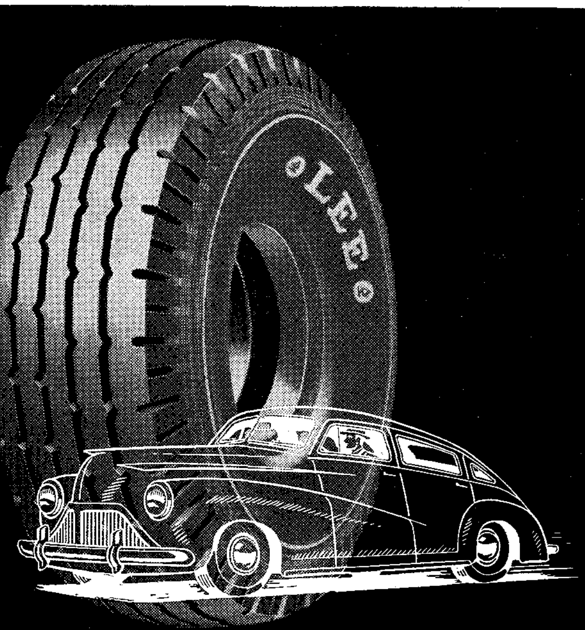

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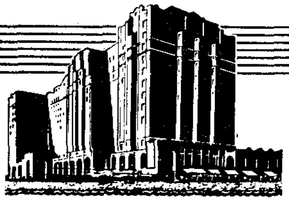

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FAIRLY early in "Night and Day," there is a scene in which we discover Cary Grant sitting moodily at a grand piano in a room not much smaller than Carnegie Hall and designed to represent a nook in an Indiana homestead. Rolling his eyes around this plushy interior, Mr. Grant presently lets his glance rest on an elegant grandfather's clock. "Loike," he says in an accent that sounds singularly remote from the Middle West, "the tick, tick, tock of the stitely clock," and before you know it, he has put together the words and music of Cole Porter's most popular song. Mr. Grant, in passing himself off as Cole Porter, labors under an almost unbearable series of handicaps. Although he is getting on in years now, he is compelled by the script to depict the composer in his early days, as a Yale undergraduate even more bouncy than most, and to indulge in such painful juvenile activities as leading a chorus through that song about Eli Yale and a bulldog. Apart from having to attend college at an age when most Yale men would be working for the Luce publications, Mr. Grant is forced to break into song every now and then, which is rather too bad, since his voice, though resonant, is no more mellifluous than the average subway guard's. Like most actors confronted with the problem of portraying a composer at work, he doesn't try to show how the muse is wooed but shows instead how she may be knocked down, jumped on, and tossed over a piano like an afghan.

I know nothing about Cole Porter except that he has written some damned good songs, but I very much doubt that his life has been as exceedingly dull as it is made out to be in "Night and Day.". According to the plot, Mr. Porter started out with thousands of dollars and a talent for writing music, and wound up with millions of dollars and his talent unimpaired. The fact that his legs were injured in an accident is hardly as dramatic as Beethoven's deafness, but the Warner Brothers seem to think it is. I never expected to see another biographical film quite as dismal as the one the Brothers produced about George Gershwin, but this hash of Mr. Porter's

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career makes the Gershwin epic seem, in retrospect, a dazzler. Still, the picture offers a lot of Cole Porter music, and no matter what Hollywood may have done to Mr. Porter's life, his songs are always good listening. The cast of "Night and Day" also includes Alexis Smith, whom Mr. Grant embraces periodically with a nervous unwillingness, as if she were a carrier of Rocky Mountain fever, and Monty Woolley, whose English is rapidly getting as involved as that of Father Divine. Somewhere along the line, I spotted Eve Arden playing a French songbird. Her accent sounded more indigenous to Indiana, Cole Porter's native state, than Mr. Grant's.

ANOTHER songwriter, the late Jerome Kern, is made to seem wearisome in "Centennial Summer." Mr. Kern is not dealt with biographically in this one; he merely furnished the songs. Most of them, of course, are fine, but all of them are buried under a miasmic story. "Centennial Summer," an apparent attempt to duplicate "Meet Me in St. Louis," dwells tediously on the fair held in Philadelphia back in 1876. Apparently, that fair was even drearier than the one Philadelphia put on in 1926, which, as I remember it, started to fall apart on opening day and continued disintegrating until nothing much remained except the bog on which it was built. In the picture, a couple of sisters, played by Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell, vie, God knows why, for the affections of Cornel Wilde, who is supposed to be a Frenchman and speaks with a wonderful brogue. Walter Brennan is on hand, acting indignant, as usual, and Constance Bennett and Dorothy Gish turn up as another, older pair of sisters. No matter how sentimental you may be about the good old days, this is not what you need.

A FRIEND of mine who claims to be an expert on radio programs tells me that "Breakfast in Hollywood" is the best of the shows that are put on for the people who start listening to the radio as soon as the milkman arrives. This is possibly true, but it's a very dim excuse for transforming the thing into a film. —JOHN McCARTEN

•

The female is unambitious, laying only two eggs a year. And if her eggs are disturbed she throws her wings in the air and forgets all about them.—*The Times.*

Not only unambitious but irresponsible.

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BOOKS

A Summer Miscellany

THE small but comprehensive volumes of the Viking Portable Library continue to be the best things that have come out of the current fashion of literary omnibuses, and two of the most recent volumes are among the best of the series. Malcolm Cowley's "Portable Faulkner" is not merely an anthology of selections but a new kind of Faulkner book, made by piecing together things from the old ones. The various volumes of Faulkner's fiction combine to make the Balzacian history of an imaginary Mississippi county, in which a group of Southern families are shown in their successive phases and in their relations with one another between 1820 and 1945. Mr. Cowley has unscrambled this chronicle, a complicated and elusive one, and illustrated it, period by period, by an arrangement of certain short stories with a few episodes from Faulkner's novels, and he has prefaced it with an interesting essay on the criticism of Southern history implied by Faulkner's account. Faulkner has himself supplied a guide to the genealogy of one of his families, the Compsons. The book is therefore a real contribution to the study of Faulkner's work.

Bernard De Voto's "Portable Mark Twain" is also excellent, and a pleasant surprise. The name of Mark Twain, in the past, has always, for Mr. De Voto, been a stimulus to hair-tearing polemics, with an emphasis that, in my opinion, has falsified the picture of Mark Twain a great deal more than it had ever been distorted by the writings of Van Wyck Brooks and others, whom Mr. De Voto has been so frantic to correct. But in his selection from Mark Twain for this "portable," he has exhibited, it seems to me, a really impeccable discrimination. There is a lot of Mark Twain that is worth reading besides the pieces included here, but if any anthology could be justified in calling itself "the best of Mark Twain," it would be Mr. De Voto's volume. He has eliminated the routine clowning of the professional American humorist as well as the more arid products of his author's serious moods, and put in nothing that is not first-rate Mark Twain in one or another department of his writing. (The selection from Mark Twain's letters includes several not before published and several now published in corrected texts.) For the foreigner or the young student who wants to read up Mark Twain, this would be the perfect presentation.

In his introduction, Mr. De Voto makes quietly such points as were valid in his overwritten and overacted book "Mark Twain's America" and discusses Mark Twain's work with good sense and good taste. He is unsatisfactory, as always, on the subject of Mark Twain's personality, because he persists in trying to explain what was morbid and despairing in him as the result of accidental reverses and of the trend of external events instead of seeing him, as Mr. Brooks did, as himself involved in the conflicts and afflicted with the ailments of the American life of the time, and this essay sends us back to Brooks, to admire again, after twenty-five years, the masterly insight and grasp of "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," and to discover that the critical sifting of the good from the less good in Mark Twain's work had already been done by Brooks with an instinct at least as sure as that of Mr. De Voto.

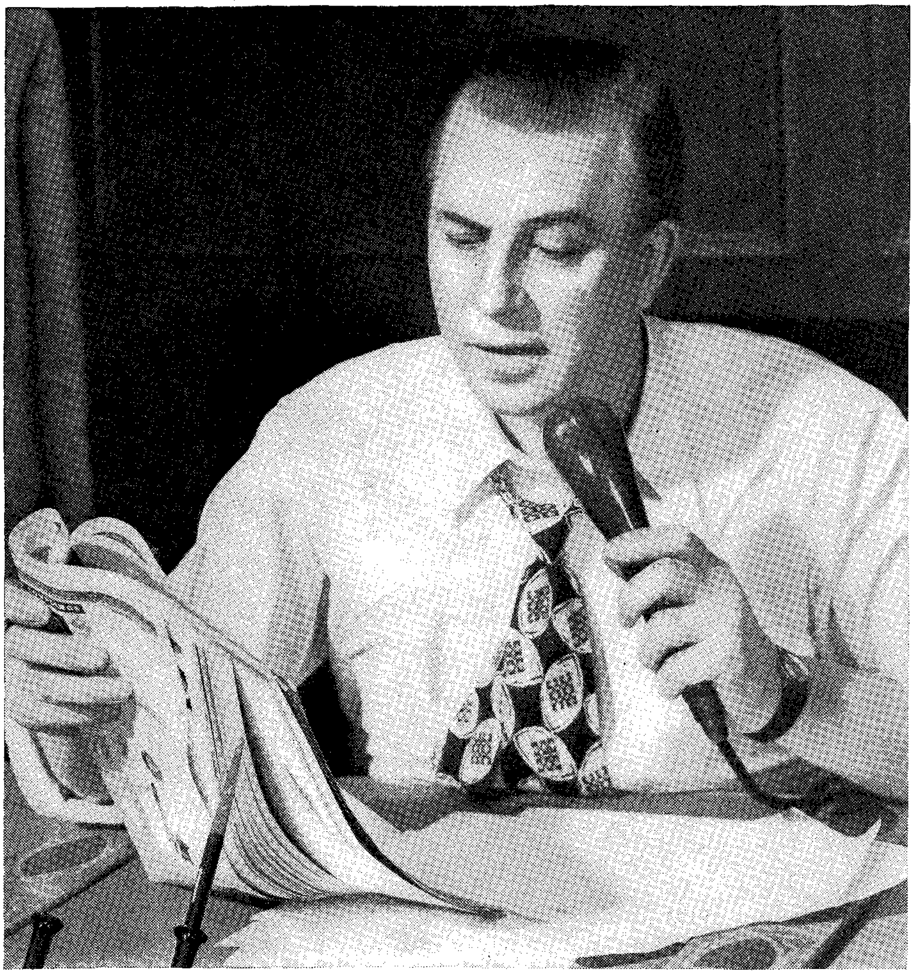
"THE SCIENCE AND ART OF PERFUMERY," by Edward Sagarin (McGraw-Hill), is a popular book on the perfume industry which makes entertaining reading if you like to read about how things are made and why people like them made as they are. The historical chapters are sketchy, but the rest of the book is full enough to satisfy curiosity, and unusually lucid where chemical processes and technical methods are concerned. A number of strange facts come to light, some of them rather painful. It seems that civet is extracted from the civet cat by shutting it up in a cage too small for it to turn around in and tormenting it to stimulate the secretion, and that the tiny Asiatic musk deer, which is too fleet to be hunted with dogs and climbs to heights which are inaccessible to hunters, can then only be caught, through its love of music, by the lure of someone playing the flute. The aesthetic-emotional side of perfumery makes it an attractive subject. Mr. Sagarin has a charming description of the perfumer, exquisitely trained to distinguish between innumerable smells, sniffing at strips of blotter; and he prints the "gamut of odors"—including both a treble and a bass—drawn up by the great perfumer Piesse, who actually, like the aesthete in Huysmans, created an "odophone." There are also the findings of some recent ex-

periments which go to show that ordinary people are incapable of smelling or tasting for themselves but can be led to imagine that they smell or taste whatever is suggested to them by the color of a fluid or substance; and a discussion of the possibilities of substituting more attractive smells for the natural ones of shoe polish, paint, and glue.

Mr. Sagarin discusses the sexual appeal of certain elements of perfume such as musk, but he fails to explain the reasons that human beings delight in odors that are derived from flowers and trees. The point is that we enjoy these odors because our relatives, the apes, lived on fruit and other vegetable products. It would be in order for him to quote the passage from the book called "Animals Are My Hobby," by Mrs. Gertrude Lintz, the trainer of the gorilla Gargantua, in which she tells how she watched him, one day he escaped, among the palmetto tufts, "finding every now and then a fresh blossom which he would pluck and admire with a smacking of his lips, and then eat slowly, savoring its unfamiliar perfume." It is probable that animals, such as dogs, whose original food was flesh derive a satisfaction, from rolling in carrion, of precisely the same kind that human beings derive from dabbing themselves with jasmine. All perfume is a sophisticated play on the primary animal instincts of self-nourishment and self-reproduction.

RANDOM HOUSE has republished in two volumes the "Diary of Samuel Pepys" in its most nearly complete edition: that of Henry B. Wheatley, first published in 1893, which has long been out of print. In regard to the passages omitted, Wheatley wrote that, though it might be thought "that these omissions are due to an unnecessary squeamishness," this was not "really so, and readers are therefore asked to have faith in the judgment of the editor." But the context of the expurgated passages seems to indicate that they are mainly concerned with the details of Pepys's diseases, and in any case it is difficult to see why they should not be included today. In the meantime, however, it is an excellent thing to have the diary available again. The volumes are well printed, though bulky. The frontispiece is an inferior drawing of Pepys, evidently made for this new edition, where one of the authentic old portraits would have been much more to the point.

IN the issue of July 13th, "The Condemned Playground," by Cyril Connolly, was wrongly announced as



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—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BELL TIMSON, by Marguerite Steen (Doubleday). Miss Steen's earlier novels, even though some of them were very bad, generally gave the impression that she would eventually produce a first-rate piece of fiction. This story, about a brash, courageous, and completely insensitive woman whose whole-hearted devotion to her two daughters ruins their lives, is not first-rate, or anywhere near it, but it is written in such vigorous, if rather unbuttoned, prose that the reader will probably once more expect Miss Steen to do better next time.

SUMMER IN APRIL, by Donald Macardle (Lippincott). A smoothly geared story, told with amiable lightness, about a spoiled fifteen-year-old brat of a girl who has a love affair with an older man. The author manages to make the affair credible and even a little touching. There is a patently contrived ending, but the novel is easy to read, and probably just as easy to forget.

DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID, by Octave Mirbeau (Didier). There must be a good many things this poor old world needs more urgently than a translation of the Mirbeau classic that provided thrills of sophistication for readers of the past generation. The story, written with great style and almost unrelieved pessimism, is a bitterly ironic and highly spiced indictment of employers of domestic servants in the eighteen-nineties, and that, my dear, was a long, long time ago.

GENERAL

THE FUTURE IN PERSPECTIVE, by Sigmund Neumann (Putnam). A historian's analysis of world events from 1914 to 1946. This political "Only Yesterday" concentrates mainly on the peace which was, to maul slightly a phrase of von Clausewitz, only a continuation of war by other means. Professor Neumann, who taught in Germany and England and now teaches at Yale, doesn't claim to have an answer to the problem of the future; he merely allows international affairs to pass in long review in a way that may stimulate the reader to form a conclusion or two of his own.

AN AMERICAN YEAR, by Hal Borland (Simon & Schuster). A book of the seasons that records, in pulsing prose, the mutations of nature as observed in the American landscape. Mr. Borland, one of the better practitioners of the almanacker's art, is the man who writes those editorials in the *Times* which begin with something like "Now the brown thrasher is in the wood, and the sharp frosts of spring give way to . . ." His book, a good anodyne for these troubled days, is illustrated with fifty bucolic prints by well-known American artists.

PEOPLE IN QUANDARIES, by Wendell Johnson (Harper). Semantics, the octopus science, continues to spread its tentacles. This is a study of human maladjustments, from homosexuality to stuttering, and their relation to language and symbols. It is an extraordinarily interesting book, and simple enough for most laymen, though not for those who can't concentrate on what they read (probably a sign of maladjustment in itself).

WE DROPPED THE A-BOMB, by Merle Miller and Abe Spitzer (Crowell). Mr. Spitzer was radio operator of the Great Artiste, one of the three B-29s that took part in the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings. This is his story of the two missions, as told to Merle Miller, who has possibly touched up the dialogue here and there. It is not only a dramatic account but, more important, a thoughtful one, in that it tells how the men of the crews feel about the more solemn aspects of what they did. Apparently, none of them are yet disposed to think lightly of the efficacy of the bomb, in spite of the post-mortem opinions of certain groundlings.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE HIDDEN PORTAL, by Garnett Weston (Doubleday). A good deal of confusion is caused in Spanish Morocco during the war by a story that the Carthaginians once dug an underwater passage to Gibraltar and left it full of treasure. An Englishman, a German, an American, and a Spaniard all look into the matter and get into a curious tangle, which is finally straightened out by a ship's captain named Purkeypile, an untidy old party of eighty-five. Unusual and fairly exciting.

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Crossing Saratoga Creek, local fishermen's paradise, Miss Reed hoists her skirt in the manner hallowed by long usage among pretty actresses.—*Caption in Life.*

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